HYMNS HISTORICALLY FAMOUS

BY NICHOLAS SMITH

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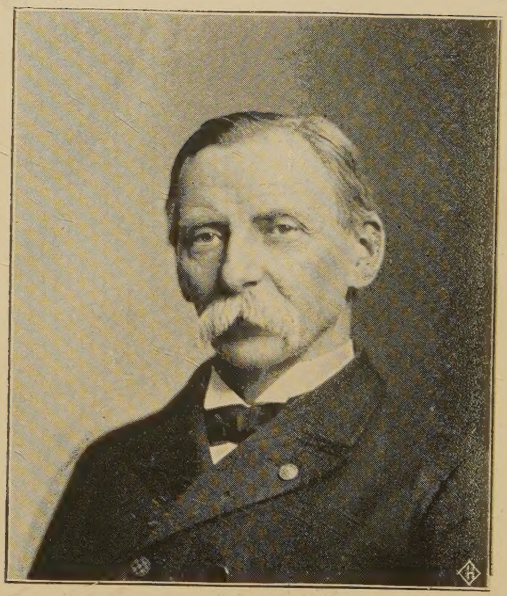

NICHOLAS SMITH.

HYMNS

Historically Famous

BY

COLONEL NICHOLAS SMITH

AUTHOR OF

Stories of Great National Songs

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To

Mrs. Kate Kingsley Ide

whose deep interest in hymnology and wise
suggestions were greatly helpful to
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INTRODUCTION.

The purpose of this volume is twofold: To inspire a warmer love of Church song; and to make the reader better acquainted with that class of hymns which are noted for the history they have made. The special aim has been to take the more popular and useful of our familiar compositions and give a fuller and more connected story of the lives of the authors, the origin of the hymns, with incidents of interest and value illustrating their influence, than have yet appeared in any annotated hymnal either in America or Great Britain. Twenty-three chapters are devoted to Church hymns and gospel songs which have two common characteristics — universal popularity, and the power to make spiritual history.

Many hymns are historic solely because their origin is closely related to some striking event, or associated with some hallowed experience; and the rule governing the scope of the book has been relaxed that a few of those having particular merit, might be annotated. The chapter—Five Lay Hymn-Writers—was inserted for two important reasons: First, the position those consecrated laymen occupy in Church hymnody in all English-speaking countries, is unique; and, second, the hymns selected from their writings and printed in these pages, are of great poetic beauty, and add much to the pleasure and profit

of public worship. There are many favorite hymns which are perfect in form, exquisite in thought and expression, and which no doubt interpret charming Christian experiences, but not being connected with noteworthy historical facts, they could not properly find a place in this volume.

Some of the most potent songs employed in revival efforts during the past third of a century, are treated in the chapter entitled, Woman's Songs in Evangelism. The interesting account of those hymns forcibly illustrate how worthy and prominent a place woman fills in the more modern gospel hymnody.

A special feature of the book is the chapter that deals with some of the so-called Moody and Sankey songs. Like the story of beautiful Church hymns, the recital of the influence of the better class of gospel songs will never become dull reading. The history of the songs selected for mention, and the stirring incidents given to show how they have impressed the hearts of women and men, and inspired many to attain a higher living, will deeply interest all lovers of sacred song.

I devoutly wish that this volume may be useful to the clergy in preparing lectures upon Church hymns, and in conducting praise services; and that it may prove spiritually helpful to the large and growing numbers of young men and women who, with whole-heartedness, give much time and intelligent thought to mission, Sunday School, and Christian Endeavor work.

NICHOLAS SMITH.

Hymns Historically Famous.

I.

The Te Deum Laudamus.

OF all the Christian songs which have come down to us from antiquity The Te Deum Laudamus is the kingliest. With the exception of Bishop Ken's Doxology, no ascription of praise written in modern times, can be compared with it in the universality of its use. The Rev. Dr. William Reed Huntington, Rector of Grace Church, New York, says: "Other hymns may surpass The Te Deum in the exhibition of this or that phase of feeling, but there is none that combines as this combines, all the elements that enter into a Christian's conception of religion. The Te Deum is an orchestra in which no single instrument is lacking; first or last, every chord is struck, every note sounded. The soul listens and is satisfied; not one of her large demands has been dishonored."

The sweetest singer of the Ancient Church was St. Ambrose, the good Bishop of Milan. He was born at Treves, in Gaul, in 340; and in his cradle he was marked for fame. There is a story that a swarm of bees came down upon him, and "the

amazed nurse saw them gather about his lips without doing him harm." Possibly, "his parents had heard of the tradition that in the infant life of Plato," 767 years before Ambrose was born, bees from the Hymettus Mountains in Greece—now known as Trelo Vouni, and still famous for its honey—clustered about his mouth and fed him; and this incident in the life of the child Ambrose, led his parents to believe that he was destined to great usefulness and high honors.

Ambrose became distinguished for brain and character. He wrote some beautiful hymns with which he combated the heresy of his time, and several of them are found in modern hymnals. When Archbishop Auxentius, of Milan, died in 374, there was intense excitement as to who should succeed him. Ambrose, then Prefect, or Governor, of Upper Italy and Milan, went to the Cathedral where angry crowds had gathered, and began to plead for peace. The sweetness of his speech, for which he was famous, soon allayed the turbulence of the multitude, and the voice of a child was heard to say, "Let Ambrose be Bishop:" and instantly there came from every part of the Cathedral the response, "Amen, amen!" and Ambrose, who had never held an ecclesiastical office was, by common consent, made Bishop.

Fourteen years after the birth of Ambrose a child was born at Tagaste, near Carthage, in Numidia, a country known in modern geography as Algeria. His name was Augustine, and by nature he was im-

petuous and thirsted for excitement. At the age of twenty-one he went to Rome, and was followed by "the tears, the prayers, and anxieties," of Monica, his mother. After a brief stay in Rome Augustine went to Milan where he heard the voice of Ambrose in sermon and song, and this event revealed to the pagan a flood of light, and his conversion, which soon followed, gave the world one of the most celebrated theologians of the Ancient Church.

A charming tradition has been current for more than a thousand years that in Milan on Easter Sunday, April twenty-fifth, 387, Ambrose led his new convert Augustine to the altar for baptism. The great heart of Ambrose swelled with triumph, and breaking forth in thanksgiving he sang:

> **We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge**
> **Thee to be the Lord.**

And Augustine, fresh from his baptismal vow, and touched at the same moment by the same sacred fire, responded:

> **All the earth doth worship Thee, the**
> **Father everlasting.**

The legend goes on to say that these two great men chanted antiphonally that sublime hymn of praise, The Te Deum Laudamus—an anthem that became "the shrine round which the Church has hung her joys for many centuries:"

We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge
Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.
To Thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens and all the powers therein.
To Thee, Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee.
The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee;
The Father of an Infinite Majesty;
Thine adorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man,
Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin.
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.
O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage.
Govern them, and lift them up for ever.
Day by day we magnify Thee;
And we worship Thy name ever world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in Thee.
O Lord, *in* Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.

This story of the origin of The Te Deum is beautiful, and is of exquisite sentiment, but those best entitled to speak on the subject say that the legend must be classed "among other pleasing typical stories of the heroic age of Christendom."

The time, place, and beginning of The Te Deum are uncertain. But setting aside all tradition, and taking the evidence as it stands, the hymn seems to have been composed some time between A. D. 400 and 500. It is found in the rules of St. Caesarius of Arles, France, prior to 502, and was made a part of the Sunday morning service. This is said to be the earliest notice of The Te Deum that has been discovered. The Rev. Edgar C. S. Gibson, who is good English authority, makes this statement: "When we remember that about the middle of the fifth century the monastery of St. Honoratus at Lerins (an island in the Mediterranean off the south-eastern coast of France) was the great home of learning and center of activity for the Gallican Church, one cannot but feel that it is quite possibly the very spot where The Te Deum originated." Mr. Gibson calls attention to the fact that the hymn as it comes to us contains twenty-nine verses, and of those about one-quarter are taken from the Bible. He suggests that this is one of the most remarkable features of The Te Deum, that so small a part of it is "original."

No other hymn or anthem has been used on so great a variety of historic occasions as The Te Deum;

and no other form of words has been the subject of so many musical renderings by composers of "all grades, of all ages, and of all nations." It has such a "jubilant and triumphant character that the sovereigns of England have been accustomed to go in state to the singing of the song after great victories; and at the conclusion of coronations it has been used from time immemorial throughout Europe." Its strains have leaped the barriers of thirteen centuries, having been chanted at the baptism of Clovis, at Paris in 496, and sung at the coronation of Nicholas II. of Russia, in 1894; and in 1897 it was the song of rejoicing at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

Frederick the Great ordered The Te Deum to be sung to splendid setting by Graun in commemoration of the battle of Prague, fought in 1744, but the music was first performed at Charlottenburg, Prussia, in 1762, at the close of the Seven Years War. This is said to be the most celebrated musical rendering of The Te Deum ever composed on the continent. The anthem has been employed by the English on numberless important occasions, but perhaps it was never sung throughout the United Kingdom in later years in nobler spirit than when rendered at the Crystal Palace to the magnificent music of Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, to celebrate the recovery of the Prince of Wales in 1872.

It is deserving of special mention that Berlioz, the famous French composer, set The Te Deum

to music which was first performed in Paris, April thirtieth, 1854, to express thanksgiving for the safety of the life of Napoleon III., after the attempt at his assassination the week before. Whether or not the spirit of the words of the anthem touched the hearts of the French people, the music was so thoroughly enjoyed by the governmental authorities that it was ordered to be sung at the opening of the great International Exposition in the following year.

Flandrin, who stands with Tissot, among the very few of the noted French artists of this generation who are religiously minded, has caught the spirit of this portion of The Te Deum,

> **The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee;**
> **The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee;**
> **The noble army of martyrs praise Thee;**

in his decorative treatment of the frieze in one of the churches of Paris. Dr. Huntington, from whom I have already quoted, gives this description of Flandrin's work: "Beginning with St. Peter and St. Paul he leads the long column of the faithful completely around the building. Kings marching on foot, confessors with the emblems of their suffering, bishops and doctors of the faith, mothers carrying their babes and leading little children by the hand, all are there making up the fulness of the blessed company of the faithful in Christ Jesus."

In recording a portion of the history The Te Deum has made, an incident in the remarkable life

of Thomas Olivers is worth noting. In early life he was a shoemaker, was deeply moved by the preaching of Whitfield, and was a follower of the Wesleys. But it was while experiencing fightings within and fears without, that he attended the Cathedral at Bristol, and of that occasion he says: "I went to the Cathedral at six in the morning, and when I heard The Te Deum sung I felt as if I had done with earth, and was praising God before His throne. No words can set forth the joy, the rapture, the awe and reverence which I felt." The hymn brought new light to Olivers, and made it possible for him to write "The God of Abraham Praise"—one of the most majestic lyrics to be found in any Church hymnal.

The universality of The Te Deum is illustrated in this interesting incident: On the first Sunday in September, 1900, solemn high mass was celebrated in the Cathedral in Peking. It was a thanksgiving service in which the people joined in expressing gratitude that the armies of the allied powers had so promptly and successfully marched to that city "at the trumpet call of humanity." There were two special features associated with that solemn, yet inspiring occasion. On the facade and spires of the Cathedral that had suffered much from the shot and shell of the Boxers, waved in triumph the flags of America, Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and Russia. Among the worshipers on that day were ministers representing

many governments, and missionaries of all creeds. The climax of interest was reached when the organ and the choir broke forth in that universal ascription of praise—The Te Deum Laudamus. It seemed to thrill that body of men and women as no other composition possibly could at such a time as that. "It was the anthem of the brotherhood of man on that memorable day."

The Te Deum has taken a mighty hold on the heart of Christendom. It has fulfilled a wonderful mission. After thirteen hundred years of service its strains are grander than ever. It is the sublimest anthem of Christian praise ever written.

II.

Art Thou Weary?

ELEVEN hundred years ago, three monks, who had dedicated themselves to poverty and rigid discipline, lived at lonely Mar Saba, situated in the wildest part of Judea. One of them was John of Damascus, the last of the Greek fathers, and the author of

> The day of Resurrection,
> Earth, tell it out abroad;

which is found in many hymnals of to-day. Another monk was John's foster brother, St. Cosmas, a Greek poet of large ability, and the writer of the beautiful hymn,

> Christ is born; tell forth His fame;
> Christ from heaven; His love proclaim;

which is still in modern use. The younger of the three was St. Stephen—John's nephew—who at the age of ten entered Mar Saba and remained in its gloomy isolation sixty years, passing away in 794. The monastery is about ten miles from Jerusalem, and rests upon a lofty cliff, and has withstood the savage desolation of fourteen centuries. It has the appearance of a huge fortress, has massive walls and innumerable cells and passage-ways. When the Rev. James King, of England, visited Mar Saba fifteen

years ago, he found forty monks there; and in self-abnegation and severe discipline they were not different from the trio of singers of ancient times. They held seven services in twenty-four hours—five by day and two by night. In the chapel, hewn out of solid rock, were the tombs of John of Damascus and Stephen his nephew. Every morning, says Mr. King, wolves and jackals in great numbers assembled at the foot of the monastery cliff which is almost five hundred feet to the brook Kedron; and from this strange assemblage came a prolonged mournful cry which added terror to the stern desolation of the scene.

It was in such a wilderness of gloom as this that St. Stephen wrote the lovely hymn,

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
  Art thou sore distress'd?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming
  Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
  If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
  And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
  That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
  But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
  What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
  Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan pass'd."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

It was through the surpassing ability of Dr. John Mason Neale of London, to render into English many of the finer ancient Greek and Latin hymns, that almost every hymnal published in this country or in Great Britain during the past twenty years, contains this hymn. Dr Neale was one of the ablest linguists and hymnologists of his time. He belonged to the most advanced section of the High Church party, and for years was "one of the most misunderstood and unpopular men in England." He was a man of strange ways and of many sorrows, and was as oblivious to personal comfort as the monk whose beautiful hymn he has made immortal. Dr. Neale was translated in 1866—in the prime of his intellectual greatness—at the age of forty-eight years.

"Stephanos," the tune which has become wedded to Art Thou Weary? was composed by Sir Henry Williams Baker in 1868. He was a baronet, was also vicar of Monkland, and was one of the editors

of the famous Hymns Ancient and Modern. The tune is delightful in its simplicity and forms a charming companionship with the exquisite hymn of the Mar Saba monk.

History testifies that Art Thou Weary? has cheered many a fainting soul. It is the product of strange times, still "it has the dew of youth upon it." There is nothing in our modern hymnology more melodious, or that touches the heart with more tenderness than this sweet lyric that came into being in the midst of the heresies of one of the darkest ages of the world. William T. Stead says the strains of the song of Stephen the Sabaite, "originally raised on the stern ramparts of an outpost of Eastern Christendom already threatened with submersion beneath the flood of Moslem conquest, rings with ever increasing volume of melodious sound through the whole wide world to-day."

Mrs. Franklin Lynde Green of Connecticut—better known to the literary world as Miss Sarah Pratt McLean—published her popular book, Cape Cod Folks in 1882; and in the story she makes George Olver and Benny Cradlebow sing Art Thou Weary? as a duet while they are mending their boat just before Cradlebow's heroic death. Captain Arkell describes the singing of the duet as follows:

"By and by him and George Olver struck up a song. I've heern 'em sing it before, them two. As nigh as I calc'late, it's about findin' rest in Jesus, and one a askin' questions, all fa'r and squar', to know

the way and whether it's a goin' to lead thar straight or no, and the other answerin'. And he—he was a tinkerin', 'way up on the foremast. George Olver and the rest of us was astern, and I'll hear to my dyin' day how his voice came a floatin' down to us thar—chantin'-like it was—cl'ar and fearless and slow. So he asks for findin' Jesus, ef thar's any marks to foller by; and George, he answers about them bleedin' nail-prints, and the great one in His side. So then that voice comes down agin, askin' if thar's any crown, like other kings, to tell Him by; and George, he answered, straight about that crown of thorns. Then says that other voice, floatin' so strong and clear, and if he given up all and follered, what should he have? What now? So George, he sings deep o' the trial and the sorrowin'. But that other voice never shook a askin', and what if he helt to Him to the end, what then should it be—what then? George Olver answers, 'Forevermore the sorrowin' ended—Death gone over.' Then he sings out, like his mind was all made up, 'And if he undertook it, would he likely be turned away?' 'And it's likelier,' George answered him 'that heaven and earth shall pass.' So I'll hear it to my dyin' day—his voice a floatin' down to me from up above thar, askin' them questions that nobody could ever answer like so soon he answered 'em for himself."

III.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

MONG the few hymns of antiquity which have not suffered by the ravages of time is the celebrated Veni Creator Spiritus. It has been in constant use for almost ten centuries, and in the value of its service to the Church it is surpassed only by The Te Deum, and possibly the Doxology. It has been rendered into English a greater number of times than any other Latin hymn, excepting perhaps The Dies Irae. Fifty-four English translations and paraphrases are known to have been made, and yet "the noble hymn has not been stripped of all its dignity." The version in common use was made by John Cosin, Bishop of Durham, England, in 1627, and was introduced into the Book of Common Prayer in 1662, and is as follows:

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart:
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight:
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song,
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Amen.

John Dryden, the monarch of the literary world in the seventeenth century, made a paraphrase that begins,

Creator Spirit, by whose aid,

which was preferred by John Wesley and Augustus M. Toplady, and the former placed it in his hymnal as early as 1738. But the version that has gained the wider currency in the United States is that by Bishop Cosin. However, there are several noted translations of the hymn, and in one form or another, it is found in almost every prominent hymnal in Great Britain and America.

It is not strange that so much uncertainty gathers about the origin of some of the noblest of our ancient hymns. Their journey down the ages has been long, and beset with many perils. While empires were being overturned and governments were crumbling to pieces, the names of some of the sacred singers were lost in the wreck of transitory things, but their songs have withstood the storms of time, and are now safely lodged in the heart of the Church.

The world will never know who first sang the magnificent Te Deum, or the sweet Veni Sancte

Spiritus, or Jerusalem, my Happy Home; and Veni Creator Spiritus, which has so deeply attracted the hearts of men, has its genesis involved in mystery. Some believe that it is the work of St. Ambrose, and often it has been attributed to Gregory the Great, to whom England is indebted for her first lesson in Christianity.

There is a pretty little legend associated with this hymn which is worth re-telling. In 870, or thereabout, a monk named Balbulus Notker, lived in the monastery of St. Gall, Switzerland; and one night he became sleepless, and from his dormitory could hear the constant groaning of a water-wheel whose supply was running low, and this suggested to him the idea of setting its melancholy moaning to music. Thereupon he composed the Sequence on the Holy Spirit, which he sent to Charlemagne, and the Emperor returned the compliment by presenting Notker with the words of Veni Creator Spiritus. Lord Selborne, who wrote the article on Hymnology for the last edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, seems to believe that there is an air of truth in this story on account of its dramatic character, but suggests that it was not Charles the Great to whom Notker sent the Sequence, but his grandson Charles the Fat, known among German Emperors as Charles III., and with whom the monk was on terms of friendship.

In 1896, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York, delivered an important lecture under the auspices of the Church Club of that city, on The

Hymns of the Ordinal, in which he pays a fine tribute to Veni Creator Spiritus. While admitting that no more interesting page can be found in Christian history than that on which the story of this hymn is written, the Bishop expresses himself unable to settle in his own mind the question of authorship. There are two points, however, on which most writers think alike—first, that it is a great hymn; and second, that the earliest instance on record as to its use is A. D., 898.

For a thousand years Veni Creator Spiritus has been used in public worship, and on such inspiring occasions as the coronation of Kings and Queens, the consecration of Bishops, the ordination of priests, the convening of synods, and the opening of Conferences. The late Dr. Hemenway of the Garrett Biblical Institute, believed that no hymn has had a more honorable recognition in the service of both Protestant and Catholic divisions of the Church than Veni Creator Spiritus.

After the Reformation Veni Creator Spiritus was one of the first of the ancient hymns to be translated into English and German. It is the only metrical hymn of the many in use in the Church of England before the Reformation, which, sanctioned by the authorities of both Church and State, has found a place in the venerable Liturgy of that Church.

IV.

The Dies Irae.

TWENTY-FIVE hundred and thirty years ago, Zephaniah, one of the Minor Prophets, uttered a prophetic description of the "Great Day of the Lord." It was an awful picture of the impending doom of Judah, a foretelling of the fall of Nineveh, and the destruction of Jerusalem. It is supposed that the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the first chapter of that prophecy inspired the greatest judgment hymn of the ages—a hymn that has allured and eluded more translators than any other poetical composition in any language.

In the closing part of the twelfth century, possibly about 1185, a monk named Thomas was born in the town of Celano, now found in the province of Aquila, in Central Italy, and to him is ascribed the authorship of The Dies Irae, the most solemn and dramatic song of the Middle Ages. Thomas of Celano, as he is universally known, was a member of the Franciscans, an order founded by St. Francis of Assisi, whose biography he wrote at the request of Pope Gregory IX. Francis was a man of remarkable personality, and Protestants as well as Catholics speak of him as one of the most beautiful figures in the history of the Ancient Church. Thomas calls him the most perfect realization of the Christian

ideal that either he or his century could conceive of.

Many noble hymns have come down to us from medieval times, but "beyond them all, before them all, and above them all," stands The Dies Irae. It is the acknowledged masterpiece of Latin Church poetry, and the most solemn and awe inspiring composition in the whole range of hymnology. Guericke, that master in German Protestant theology, says the hymn is "unearthly in its pathos and magnificent in its diction, and makes the inmost soul tremble with its triple hammerstrokes of triple rhyme." There is so much sublimity and force in its thought, and impressive solemnity in its verse, that literary men and secular poets, as well as men in full sympathy with its feelings, hold it in supreme admiration. And while this terrible judgment hymn may have been the natural voice of the times that gave it birth, no part of it is too harsh or dissonant to the cultured minds and the enlightened Christian sentiment of the first year of the twentieth century.

The grasp that The Dies Irae has upon the thoughts and feelings of men of many nations and varying creeds, is illustrated in the fact that no other hymn has so largely commanded the attention of linguists. Every rank and profession, representing many countries, languages, and creeds, is found among its translators—editors and professors, lawyers and physicians, poets and novelists, statesmen and historians, men of war and masters in science, ministers and priests, and cardinals and bishops.

Among the translations, or perhaps what is better, the paraphrases of The Dies Irae, which have become celebrated, that by Sir Walter Scott is the most admired. He introduces it with marvelous effect in his Lay of the Last Minstrel, at the requiem in Melrose Abbey:

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead,
And bells tolled out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song—
'Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvet saeclum in favilla;'
While the pealing organ rung;
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy fathers sung:

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Other versions may surpass Scott's in exactitude of translation, but none of them equals his in poetic

feeling, simplicity, or devotion; and for this reason his hymn of three stanzas has a permanent place in English hymnody. William E. Gladstone, in a speech delivered at Hawarden in 1866, said: "I know nothing more sublime in the writings of Sir Walter Scott—certainly I know nothing so sublime in any portion of the sacred poets of modern times, I mean of the present century—as the Hymn for the Dead, extending only to twelve lines, which he embodies in the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

In Great Britain the full version of The Dies Irae by W. J. Irons is most commonly accepted because it is thought to represent more vividly the spirit of the original. There is an incident of unusual interest connected with his translation of the hymn. In 1848 Paris was in a state of revolution. Among the many deeds of bloodshed committed during that terrible time was the shooting of Archbishop Affre who fell on the barricade of Place de la Bastile on the twenty-fifth of June, while exercising his good offices to allay the murderous passion of the insurgents. Lest a public burial of the Archbishop might create an excitement that would burst into fury, the body was taken quietly to the grave ten days after the assassination, and as soon as the state of public mind would permit, his funeral rites were held in Notre Dame. In sadness and impressiveness the service was the most remarkable ever witnessed in Paris. The heart of the Archbishop was exposed in a glass case in the choir, and an indescribable

degree of solemnity was added to the occasion by the singing of The Dies Irae by a large body of priests. Dr. Irons was in Notre Dame throughout the requiem service and was so deeply moved by the grand rendering of the Judgment Hymn that he determined to make an English translation of it, which was accomplished before he left Paris and while the wonderful scene at the Cathedral was fresh in his mind. His version was first intended for private use, but in 1849 it was published with the music used in the Notre Dame service.

The United States and Germany lead all other countries in the number of translations of The Dies Irae. In 1841 there were only two versions known in America, and both were anonymous; but since that time the number has reached fully one hundred. The Rev. Samuel Willoughby Duffield says the German versions number about ninety, and Dr. John Julian, a good English authority, credits Great Britain with ninety-three. The American translations which have attained the greater popularity are those made by Dr. Abraham Coles, of New Jersey; Mr. Edward Slosson of the New York bar; and Major-General John Adams Dix. Coles was a physician, and a linguist of rare ability, and in the course of his remarkable life he made seventeen different renderings of The Dies Irae, and two of his stanzas have gained currency by Mrs. Stowe's use of them in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Mr. Franklin Johnson of Cambridge, Massachusetts, devoted the spare hours of fifteen

years to the making of his translation of the hymn, and then it did not reach his ideal. The Latin verse of the Franciscan monk appears simple and easy at first glance, but there is a mystery in its lines that baffles the skill of many translators.

The American version which perhaps has received the warmest commendation of men of letters in England and Germany as well as in the United States, is that by General Dix, of which the following is the full text:

Day of vengeance, without morrow!
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from saint and seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending!

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages!

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended.

King of Majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us;
Fount of pity, safety send us!

Holy Jesus! meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me;
By Thy cross and passion bought me;—
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, oh, give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning!

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded!

Prostrate all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning;
Save, oh, save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise 'mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition!

This translation was made at Fort Monroe in 1863 while the general was in command of the Department of Virginia. His well known version of the famous Stabat Mater was made while minister to France in 1869. In speaking of his Dies Irae, he says:

"It is the fruit of leisure moments gained from the hard service of the camp, on Confederate soil, but within Union entrenchments. If in the ages of paganism the strings of the Lesbian lyre might be, not unworthily, swept by hands inured to arms, a soldier in a Christian age may not less worthily find relief from the asperities of war in themes more congenial with the higher dispensation which he is, by the Providence of God, permitted to share."

Mr. George Ticknor, of high literary fame, whose life was peculiarly rich in that class of associations and interests which properly belong to our best literature, wrote General Dix from Boston, in February, 1864, as follows:

"It was not without a feeling of embarrassment that I asked my friend Mr. Curtis, to obtain for me a copy of your privately printed marvelous translation of The Dies Irae. Nor is it without a similar feeling that I now ask you to accept from me a copy of the life of my friend Prescott, which I published a few weeks since. You will, therefore,

allow me to beg of you not to look on it as an attempt to make an exchange with you; for if such were my purpose, I should feel obliged to pray Jupiter that he would make you willing to take copper for gold as in the memorable case of Diomedes and Glaucus."

The Dies Irae is inseparably "associated in the history of music with Mozart's Requiem, the masterpiece of that extraordinary genius, which is itself like a wondrous trumpet spreading wondrous sounds." Gretchen, the heroine in Goethe's Faust, is a character of charming innocency and affection. The author introduces The Dies Irae in the Cathedral scene at the end of the first act, making her "faint with dismay and horror as she hears it sung, and from that moment of salutary pain she becomes another woman." It is said that Dr. Samuel Johnson was so profoundly moved by the solemn grandeur of the hymn that he could not restrain the flow of tears whenever he read the tenth stanza—

> Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me;
> By Thy cross and passion bought me;
> Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Lockhart, the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, says when the great novelist lay dying he would frequently repeat a portion of his own version of The Dies Irae—

> Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
> Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Andreas Justinus Kerner, the noted German

poet, has given in his Wahnsinnige Bruder (The Four Crazed Brothers) a striking illustration of the overwhelming power of The Dies Irae upon minds hardened in sin, "but suddenly awakened to reflection by its thunders of the Day of Judgment." Carlyle tells us that the celebrated German tragedian, Friedrich Ludwig Zacharias Werner, who was three times married and three times divorced, and in later life became a Roman Catholic priest, quotes the eighth stanza of the hymn in his last testament as his reason for not having written either a defense or an accusation of his strange life: "With trembling I reflect that I myself shall first learn in its whole terrible compass what I properly was, when these lines shall be read by men; that is to say, a point of time which for me will be no time; in a condition in which all experience will for me be too late—

> King of Majesty tremendous,
> By Thy saving grace defend us;
> Fount of pity, safety send us."

The grandeur of The Dies Irae has made an abiding impression on the heart of Christendom; and the use of translations or paraphrases of the hymn is universal in all English-speaking lands. The renderings by John Newton, Dean Stanley, Charles Wesley, and Sir Walter Scott, are perhaps the most suitable for public worship, and one or more of them will be found in every prominent hymnal of the present day.

It is small wonder that The Dies Irae has fastened itself on the thoughts of the brightest minds of the modern world. One common end awaits a common humanity. However diversified our paths they converge toward that common center—the judgment seat of Christ. The story of the hymn tells us that the masters in our best literature, and the greatest intel lects in the world, are not insensible of the impressive declaration of Scripture: "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment."

V.

A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

THERE are two hymns which stand alone as having changed the course of two great Nations—Ein feste Burg, the triumphant war-cry of the German Reformation; and The Marseillaise, the blood-stirring song of the French Revolution. In the mightiness of their influence these hymns have never been equaled.

The Reformation marks the beginning of the richest hymnology in the world. The German love for music antedated Luther's time, but the Church being then dominated by Rome, hymn-singing in the vernacular was discouraged, and hence hymns filled an exceedingly small place in public worship.

This was the state of Church-song in Germany when Luther was born in Eisleben, in 1483. While in childhood the poor miner's son sang from door to door in his native village, and then, and always, his soul was overflowing with music. He was as pious as he was musical, and it was no wonder that in time he took himself to a monastery, and became a self-tormented monk. His rule of life while there is expressed in his own sentence: "If ever a monk got to heaven by monkery, I was determined to get there." But the day soon came when Luther craved emancipation from the horrible darkness in which

he lived, and from the terrible slavery to Pharisaism in which he was placed. He was thirty-four years old when he nailed to the Church door at Wittenberg, the ninety-five theses on the doctrine of indulgences; and three years later the climax of his courage was reached when he publicly burned the Papal bull of excommunication.

After Luther gave the German people a translation of the Bible, he abolished the monotonous chants of medieval times, and substituted German hymns for Latin hymns and sequences. One day in writing to his friend and fellow-laborer, Georg Spalatin, Luther said: "It is my intention, after the example of the fathers, to make German psalms for the people; that is to say, spiritual songs, whereby the Word of God may be kept alive among them by singing. We seek, therefore, everywhere for poets. Now as you are such a master of the German tongue, and are so mighty and eloquent therein, I entreat you to join hands with us in this work, and to turn one of the Psalms into a hymn according to the pattern (i. e. an attempt of my own), that I send you. But I desire that all new-fangled words from the Court should be left out; that the words may be quite plain and common, such as common people may understand, yet pure, and skillfully handled; and next, that the meaning should be given clearly and graciously, according to the sense of the Psalm itself."

Luther was a fine singer and a skilled composer;

and possessing a magnetic enthusiasm in urging congregational singing, he gave a marvelous impulse to the business of hymn-writing and the joy of hymn-singing. One year before Luther's death, Spangenberg said: "It is true and will remain true, that among all master-singers from the days of the Apostles until now, Luther is and always will be the best and most accomplished; in whose hymns and songs one does not find a vain or needless word."

The first hymn-book of the Reformation, which in reality was the first of all printed hymn-books, was published at Wittenberg in 1524, seven years after Luther nailed the theses to the door of the Church in that city. It contained eight hymns with tunes, and four of them were by Luther. Ein feste Burg was not in the collection, but followed in the course of five or six years. The translation of the hymn usually found in the hymnals of American Churches, was made by Dr. Frederic Henry Hedge, for many years professor of German literature and Ecclesiastical history at Harvard University. His version appeared in 1853, while he was pastor of a Unitarian Church at Providence, Rhode Island, and is as follows:

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not His equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

I append a translation by Thomas Carlyle, made in 1831, which English critics regard as more faithful and forceful than any other version in the English language. He considers Ein feste Burg the world's most powerful hymn, and though it "may jar upon English ears, there is something in it like the sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes:"

A sure stronghold our God is He.
A trusty shield and weapon;
Our help He'll be, and set us free
From every ill can happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe;
Armed with might from hell
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.

Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we lost forever;
But for us fights the proper man
By God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be?
Christ Jesus named is He;
Of Sabaoth the Lord;
Sole God to be adored;
'Tis He must win the battle.

And were the world with devils filled,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded prince no more
Can harm us as of yore;
Look grim as e'er he may,
Doomed is his ancient sway;
A word can overthrow him.

God's word for all their craft and force
One moment will not linger;
But spite of hell shall have its course,
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife;
Yet is there profit small:
These things shall vanish all:
The city of God remaineth.

Historians of the Reformation do not agree as to the occasion that produced Ein feste Burg. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, in his Hymns of Luther, published in 1883, in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the reformer's birth-day, says the hymn first appeared in 1529, probably for the Diet of Spires, at which time the German princes "made their formal Protest against the revocation of their liberties, and thus gained the name of Protestants."

William T. Stead says Ein feste Burg was "the spiritual and national tonic of Germany, and was administered in those "dolorous times as doctors would administer quinine to sojourners in fever-haunted marshes." Everybody sang it, children on the streets, men and women in the fields, great congregations in Churches, and soldiers in battle. It was an inspiration to Luther himself in times of unusual peril. When darkness came over the Reformation which seemed to forebode the loss of all that had been gained, he would turn to his companion, Melancthon, and say, "Come, Philip, let us sing the Forty-sixth Psalm," meaning Ein feste Burg, his own characteristic version. "Only the idea of the Stronghold is taken from the Scripture, the rest is Luther's own, made in Germany, and not only so, but one of the most potent influences that have contributed to the making of Germany."

The influences of the hymn did not pass away

with Luther. It has never failed to be "a potent spell over German hearts." When Melancthon and his co-workers, Jonas and Crueiger, were banished from Wittenberg in 1547, the year after Luther's death, they took refuge in Weimar, and on entering the city their hearts were gladdened and their courage strengthened by hearing a little girl singing in a sweet voice on the street, Ein feste Burg. Almost a century later, when Gustavus Adolphus, in that awful battle near Leipsic, stood between the Reformation and its loss, he called upon his army before the struggle began, to take up this song and sing it in the face of the enemy. It was sung in the face of the enemy, and in the triumph of the battle it was sung again.

On the gray, misty morning in November, 1632, Adolphus and Wallenstein, both hitherto unconquered, met with their great armies on the plain of Lutzen. On that bloody field which Adolphus was to water with his own life, he ordered his trumpeters to blow Ein feste Burg. In the supreme moment of that conflict he fell covered with mortal wounds. The battle was hot and bloody, and went on for hours, but before the close of day, the army that made the Forty-sixth Psalm its battle-cry, saw the dead King "victor of the field on which with his life he had purchased the religious liberties of Northern Europe."

On this same battle-field of Lutzen, thousands assembled on the fifteenth of September, 1882, to

commemorate the jubilee of Gustavus Adolphus Society, and Ein feste Burg was sung by the vast concourse. Everybody knew the words and music by heart. German lungs are strong; German purpose is vigorous. "With the roll of a mighty stream the compact and lusty unison filled the air, and moved the hearts of the great gatherings with its rugged, homely strength."

In Cassell's History of the Franco-Prussian War is an account of the singing of Rinkart's Now Thank we all Our God, and Ein feste Burg, on the night following the battle of Sedan. The German army was on the march for Paris, and at night a portion of the troops were lodged in the parish Church of Augecourt. The men were overcome by excitement, and were literally worn out by the strain of the terrible battle and the heaviness of the march, and sleep seemed impossible. Finally, unknown fingers touched the organ, softly at first, then with greater force came the familiar tune to Now Thank we all Our God, and every voice joined in the grand old hymn. Then the organist began Ein feste Burg, the singing of which had nerved the soldiers to such deeds of courage at Sedan; and the officers and men united their voices in a magnificent outburst of song. The effect was remarkable. The dreadful casualties of battle and the fatigue of hard marching were forgotten, and with hearts full of gratitude the men spent the remainder of the night in peaceful slumber.

The touching confidence with which Luther asked in his letter to Spalatin for poets, showed that he possessed the spirit of prophecy. Hymns came to him from all parts of the German Nation. And since that time German hymns have multiplied to a degree unparalleled in the history of sacred song. Dr. Philip Schaff says: "To the rich treasury of German hymns, men and women of all ranks and conditions, from theologians and princes down to common laborers, have made contributions, laying them on the altar of devotion, until the number of German hymns has exceeded one hundred thousand. Of this number about ten thousand have been published in various hymnals, and at least one thousand are classical and immortal."

VI.

The Great Doxology

N all the range of human compositions there cannot be found a nobler ascription of praise than the four lines which form Bishop Ken's Doxology:

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
> Praise Him, all creatures here below;
> Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

No product of the heart and brain of man has echoed around the globe so often as this simple stanza; and no other lines, whether poetry or prose—excepting only the prayer which Jesus taught His disciples—are so frequently used by English-speaking Christians.

Thomas Ken was one of the most illustrious Bishops England ever produced. He was born at Little Berkhampstead, in 1637. His mother having died during his childhood, he was placed under the guardianship of his brother-in-law, the devout Izaak Walton, distinguished in history as the most eminent angler of his time. Ken was educated at Westminster, and at New College, Oxford. In 1679, when Princess Mary, wife of William of Orange of Holland, and daughter of James, the King's brother, asked for an English Chaplain at the Hague, Ken

was appointed by Charles II. The Chaplain was a man of heroic integrity and fearless honesty, and in a dispute with William on a point of morality connected with the court, Ken quit the Hague in 1680, and on his return to England was appointed one of the Chaplains to the King.

It was in 1683, when Charles visited Winchester, the residence of the Chaplain, that he requested Ken to give up his house for the accommodation of the notorious Nell Gwynne. The Chaplain had no more fear of Kings than of the humblest inhabitant of Winchester, and he peremptorily declined to grant Charles's request. As bad as the King was he had honor enough to commend Ken's honesty of purpose, and when the bishopric of Bath and Wells became vacant the following year, Charles inquired: "Where is the little man who wouldn't give poor Nell a lodging? Give it to him."

Twelve days after Ken was consecrated Bishop, Charles died—February sixth, 1685. The good little Bishop was never allured by the glitter of the court of Kings, and in 1688 he offended James II. by refusing to read the Royal Declaration of Indulgence, and with six others of the Episcopal bench he was committed to the Tower, but shortly afterwards was acquitted. On the accession of William III., Ken was deprived of his office in 1691, and after an eventful life, through which he bore many troubles, he died in 1711. His name survives chiefly from his morning and evening hymns. He prepared

a Manual of Prayer for the students at Winchester College in 1674, and in one edition of the work, possibly that of 1681, he placed his three hymns: Awake my Soul and with the Sun; All Praise to Thee my God this Night; My God, now I from Sleep Awake. Each of these hymns closed with the stanza that has become the famous Doxology.

This incomparable Doxology has taken hold of the Christian world as no other metrical lines have. I think it was Theodore Parker, the widely known Unitarian minister, who said that these four lines by Bishop Ken had done more to familiarize the English-speaking peoples of the earth with the doctrine of the Trinity than all the theological books ever written. The history made by this Doxology is considerable and important, but on account of limited space only a few illustrations can be given.

During the cotton famine in England caused by the Civil War in the United States, the suffering, particularly in Lancashire, was pitiable in the extreme. But in all the weary months of waiting for the coming of better days the conduct of the operatives won the admiration of the world. The saying that "hope is the poor man's bread," was true in this instance. In gathering for worship on Sundays, in assembling for praise services in mid-week, and in many impoverished homes, the people could still sing with strong hearts and clear voices,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

And the story is told that when the first load of cotton reached one town it was drawn from the railway station to the mill by the operatives. As the procession moved through the streets the scene was as joyous and imposing as a triumphal march. Praise and gladness had taken possession of the people, and hundreds of voices swelled in the heart-cheering strains of the Doxology.

Chaplain McCabe, now one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is credited with a story of how the Doxology saved the prisoners in Libby, at Richmond, from absolute despair. Day after day they saw comrades pass away and "their numbers increased by fresh, living recruits for the grave." One night about ten o'clock, they heard the tramp of coming feet that soon stopped before the prison door. In the company was a young Baptist minister whose heart almost fainted as he looked on the cold walls and thought of the suffering within. Tired and half sick he sat down and put his face in his hands and wept. Just then a lone voice of deep, sweet pathos, sang from an upper window,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

and instantly a dozen voices were heard on the second line; and before the last line was reached the prison was all alive with song, and lonesomeness and despair were dispelled for the night by this splendid verse of praise.

In 1898 Professor Elisha Gray, the noted inven-

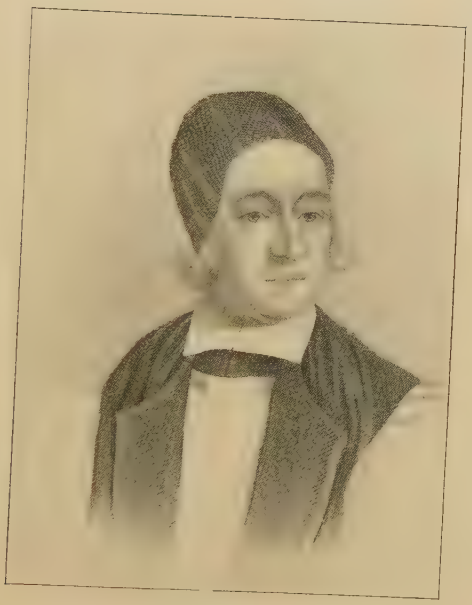
tor and electrician, (died January twenty-second, 1901), contributed a series of articles to the Chicago Times-Herald in which he had something to say about music and musicians. In one of the chapters he gives the following illustration of the stirring effect of the singing of Old Hundred:

"I remember an incident in my own experience that ever since has seemed to me to have been the most thrilling moment of my life. On the ninth of July, 1881, I sailed from New York for Glasgow on the steamer Circassia. All who are old enough will remember that only a few days before that time not only our country but the whole civilized world was shocked by the shooting of President Garfield at the hands of an assassin. At the time the steamer sailed his life hung, as it were, in a balance, no one knowing at what moment the scales would turn or which way. One beautifully clear morning, after we had been out some eight or nine days, we found ourselves sailing in smooth water, close to land on the north shore of Ireland. All eyes were looking wistfully toward the shore, as if trying to solve the problem, through some sign that might be visible, that would relieve the tension of our long suspense, when, lo! a boat with two men was seen coming off from the signal station, and steering directly for our ship. When they came within hailing distance one of the men stood up and shouted the words, 'Garfield all right.'

"Silence reigned for a moment, while such a wave

of profound emotion swept and surged through that throng as rarely stirs the souls of men. For one supreme moment national boundaries were obliterated and all were brothers with a common feeling of sympathy centered upon the stricken President of the greatest republic on earth. One moment of silence more eloquent than the most impassioned speech, and then the multitude found its voice, and such cheers as went up from the deck of that steamer! Then the Doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' burst spontaneously from the lips of the throng; and such music! Hundreds of times had I heard this same Doxology, but this was the first time I had felt its real meaning. It was the first time I had ever really heard it sung understandingly, and it has had a new meaning to me ever since. In all probability this was the only occasion of a life-time when I shall, except in memory, hear such an impressive rendering of the Old Doxology, familiar, in a way, to all Christendom, but how few have really heard it!"

It has been said that no words have been invented that will convey the sensation of a profound emotion so well as the language of music. The Charleston (South Carolina) News and Courier once published a happy illustration of this fact. In the early part of March, 1893, a company of Chicago ladies and gentlemen visited Charleston, and in their rounds of sight-seeing they paid a visit to the historic St. Michael's Church, in which generations of



THOMAS KEN.

good people have worshiped. Within a few feet of the high pulpit, from which Sunday after Sunday for more than one hundred years, "the law and the gospel have been proclaimed, is a pew in which George Washington and Lafayette and Robert E. Lee, and other great men who have illumined the pages of history, have in their time and according to their opportunity, reverently joined in the services of the Church, and from the common level of a common humanity, asked God's favor and his blessing upon this country."

One afternoon the Chicago company took seats in this self-same pew, and under the inspiration of the scene and the occasion, sang as it had never been sung before, the Doxology of the Church universal,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

The News and Courier said the effect was electrical and beyond description. "We did not know the singers, we only heard the song. It was like a burst of the sunshine which often-times, in this Southern clime of ours, comes to light up with glory indescribable, the close of wintry days. It was more—the Doxology was a benediction upon the work of the most memorable and eventful day in the history of Charleston for the last quarter of a century."

One of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed at the close of a session of Congress was that of March fourth, 1899. It was about the hour of midnight, and the Fifty-fifth Congress, which had been

"one of extraordinary duties and responsibilities" had just finished its business. The spectacle attending a closing session is seldom dignified but in this case there was a happy exception in the conduct of the members. A few members of the House of Representatives began to sing, My Country, 'tis of Thee; and in a flash every one in the great hall was on his feet. The Star Spangled Banner soon followed, but this was hardly finished when the Southern members started Dixie; and in a few moments later in the general hand-shaking, Auld Lang Syne became a fit accompaniment. A floor correspondent of The Independent said this demonstration lasted about half an hour, "when something was needed as a fitting termination to this hilarity, and to soothe and give dignity and calm to these geysers of sentiment. It was found in Old Hundred. When its notes broke on the air the voices above and below joined in a clear, reverent, and sincere Doxology. What mattered it that Catholics and Protestants, Methodists and Calvinists, Trinitarians and Unitarians, were all in the choir? They were singing with their hearts as well as their voices. Is there any other national legislative body where such a closing hour could be celebrated?"

The Doxology is truly a wonderful verse. It has been the "death-song of martyrs and the pean of victorious armies. In times innumerable it has been sung when planning great undertakings and reaping the rewards of successful enterprises." It was the

song of the Old and the New World when the metal nerve was laid beneath the waters of the sea binding together two great continents. When peace was sealed at Appomattox the Doxology rolled "like the voice of mighty thunder" from State to State and from ocean to ocean. Whenever the spirit of spontaneous praise takes hold of large public assemblies, the Doxology is usually the song by which expression of gratitude is made.

Probably the Doxology was never sung on a more impressive and historic occasion than at Peking, on the fourteenth of August, 1900. The civilized world was held in awful suspense during the fifty-six days the various legations and the missionaries withstood the millions of Chinese. When the allied forces entered the city the heart-felt rejoicing of the men, women and children, who had faced a living death for nearly two months, cannot be described. Rockets blazed in the air, cannon smashed the yellow roofs of the Forbidden City, and soldiers and civilians made the welkin ring with cheers; but the most thrilling and soul-inspiring incident connected with the celebration of their deliverance, was the assembling of the missionaries about the Bell tower and singing,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

The tune Old Hundred which is universally used in singing the Doxology, is supposed to be the work of William Franck, a German composer, born in 1520,

and died in 1570. He was one of the fifty musicians who composed the tunes for the French version of the Psalter, printed in 1545. But some historians of the tune are of the opinion that it was composed by Louis Bourgeois for the German Psalter of which he was editor in 1551-52. In England the tune was set to the One Hundredth Psalm, from which it became known as The Hundredth; but in 1696, when Tate and Brady published their New Version, the word Old was used to show that the tune was the one in use in the previous Psalter, edited by Sternhold and Hopkins.

Old Hundred is solemn in its strains and magnificent in its harmony, and the tie that binds it to the Great Doxology the onward sweep of time cannot dissever.

VII.

The Founder of Our Hymnology.

DURING the first sixteen hundred years of the Christian era there were scarcely any metrical songs in which the people could unite in singing. The few such hymns which may have been written in England before the time of Isaac Watts, were not in common use, "partly because of the apathy of the clergy and the indifference of the people;" but chiefly because "they were wanting in animating force and spiritual power." From 1561 to 1696, the only singing heard in the Church was from the old version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins, and even the singing of the metrical Psalms was monopolized by the choir—a condition that seemed to preclude any demand "to create a supply of hymns."

In our day we can hardly imagine how wearisome it was to the flesh to listen to the monotonous psalm-singing of the Puritan fathers. In Alice Morse Earle's delightful book, The Sabbath in Puritan New England, is an incident that serves to show the condition of Church hymnody in the early part of the eighteenth century. It is told of the Rev. Dr. West, who preached at Dartmouth in 1726, that he forgot one Sabbath morning to bring his sermon to meeting. He gave out a Psalm,

walked a quarter of a mile to his home, got his sermon, and was back in his pulpit before the Psalm was finished.

In 1675 a young mother, carrying an infant, was frequently seen walking to and fro in front of an old jail at Southampton, England. Many times a day she could be seen holding it up at arm's length before the jail window that a prisoner might see the face of the child. The child was Isaac Watts, and the prisoner was its father. The parents were eminently pious, and in the reign of Charles II., Mr. Watts twice suffered imprisonment on account of his religious convictions.

In precocity, Isaac Watts was one of the wonders of his time. The story of his life says that he began the study of Latin at the age of four, Greek at nine, French at ten, and Hebrew at thirteen. He was so assiduous in his studies that his constitution was permanently injured. When sixteen years old he was so bright in scholarship and lovable in disposition that Dr. Speed, and others of Southampton, offered to give him a free education in a university, which, if accepted, meant an eventual ordination in the Established Church. But the little Dissenter, with a courage and purpose which indicated the soul-standard of the coming man, declared that he would not forsake the denomination to which his parents belonged, for the highest honors the university could confer upon him; and is it not rational to presume that this decision made it possible for

Isaac Watts to become the founder of our Christian hymnology?

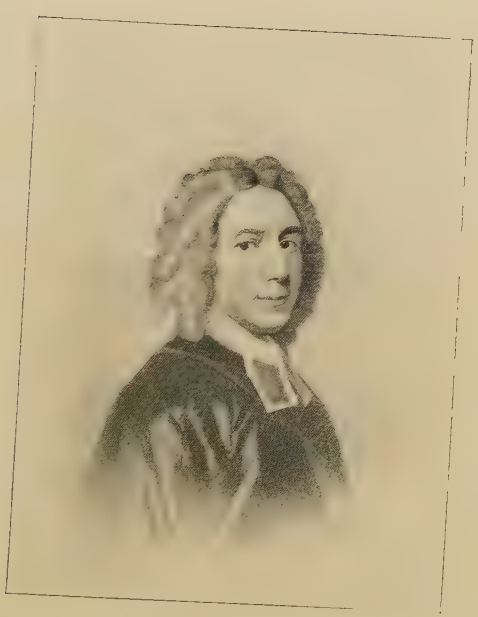
Returning from Church one Sunday morning when in his eighteenth year, he complained to his father that the hymns were intolerably dull. His ear for melody had suffered after the fashion of a person who has his sensitive nerves shocked by the sound of a file sharpening a saw. He had the good sense to tell his father that he thought he could write better hymns himself. Deacon Watts was wise, as all deacons ought to be, and having some poetical taste himself, and placing large confidence in the boy's judgment, he urged him to try his hand; and on the following Sunday morning the congregation at the Independent Church at Southampton, was invited to join in singing an original hymn by Isaac Watts, Behold the Glories of the Lamb. It is worth while to say that this hymn, written in such peculiar circumstances, has had an extensive use in Great Britain for one hundred and fifty years, and is still found in some American hymnals.

From the date of this incident began the signal triumphs of Watts in hymn-writing. With one exception, that of Charles Wesley, the world has seen nothing that compares with his contributions to the songs of the Church. He wrote nearly seven hundred hymns. He wrote some of his noblest hymns at a time when there existed a deep prejudice against the use of songs in Church worship. Dr. W. Garrett Horder says in The Hymn Lover, that

so strong was this prejudice, and so high did feeling run against new hymns, that many a Church in England was rent asunder by the proposal to introduce them in Sunday services; and the original Church of which the late Charles H. Spurgeon was pastor, was almost hopelessly divided because a majority of the members voted to use Christian songs in the sanctuary.

The wall of prejudice that Watts faced in offering his hymns to the Churches was so invincible that it required many years to overcome it. He published his Hymns and Spiritual Songs in 1707, which was the first effort made by any hymn-writer to supersede the Psalter. But his finest hymns so full of exalted praise, were called "Watts's whims," and it was some twenty or thirty years before his best hymns found their way into common use. But when adopted they became an extraordinary power, and for a whole century Watts ruled the Independent Churches as no other hymn-writer has since his day. His hymns still have a strong hold upon the universal religious mind, and in Calvinistic Churches between one hundred and one hundred and fifty of his hymns are in use. Many of them have been patched and rent by profane hymn-menders, but somebody has said that there is enough of Watts left in them to remind one of the saying of Horace: "You may know the remains of a poet even when he is torn to pieces."

Dr. Watts passed two-thirds of his life of seven-



ISAAC WATTS.

ty-four years in ill-health. He was a very small man, and like St. Paul, "in bodily presence was weak." In early manhood he proposed marriage with Miss Elizabeth Singer, afterwards the distinguished Mrs. Rowe; but she declined the proposal with the remark that while she "loved the jewel, she could not admire the casket that contained it." This sore reflection on his personal appearance greatly mortified him, and in the gloom of disappointment he wrote the hymn beginning with these weird lines:

> How vain are all things here below!
> How false, and yet how fair!
> Each pleasure hath its poison too,
> And every sweet a snare.

Though earth seemed for the time to withhold its smiles, at length heaven brightened, and in retirement—in the years untouched by sorrow and unvexed by storm—Watts wrote many of his finest songs of praise.

Watts was one of the great preachers of his time, but after reaching his thirty-eighth year it was only occasionally that he was heard in the pulpit. In 1702 he was ordained pastor of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane, London. Ten years later he was attacked by a violent fever from which he never fully recovered. It was in 1712 while at Mark Lane that his noble Christian spirit, his charm as a conversationalist, and his genuine qualities of heart and mind, won the love of Sir Thomas Abney,

formerly Lord Mayor of London and Member of Parliament. Sir Thomas invited the poet-preacher to spend one week with him at his beautiful country seat at Theobald, in Hertfordshire. The invitation was accepted, but by the command of the host, and after his death in 1722, at the request of the widow, the visit covered the greater portion of Watts's remaining life—thirty-six years. His death occurred in November, 1748. He was buried at Bunhill Fields, a Puritan cemetery near Finsbury Square, London. His remains lie near those of John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe.

A beautiful and tender tribute to Dr. Watts for his nobility of character and the rich legacy he bequeathed to the universal Church, was the erection of a handsome monument at Southampton in 1861, for which Christians of all denominations made generous contributions. But perhaps the most enduring of all the Watts memorials is that placed among the immortal British poets in Westminster Abbey, which, it is said, "commands a larger respect than the busts of kings."

It is not a matter to create surprise that Watts wrote too much to insure excellence in all his compositions. "He rose high in some and sank low in many," but the good among his productions are perpetual treasures. On his lyre with its many chords he strikes his highest note in his crucifixion hymn which is universally conceded to be the finest on that theme in our own or any other language:

When I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Some high authorities in hymnology call this one of the six best hymns in the English language, the other five being Rock of Ages; Jesus, Lover of my Soul; Coronation; Abide with me; and Nearer, my God, to Thee. Whatever the reader may think of this classification of the hymn, it is unquestionably Watts's masterpiece, and when sung to the solid and majestic tune, Hamburg, whose melody has lasted for fourteen centuries, it gives a blending of words and music which is soul-quickening and sublimely impressive.

The Rev. Duncan Campbell of Edinburgh, says: "For tender, solemn beauty, for a reverent setting forth of what the inner vision discerns as it looks upon the Crucified, I know of no verse in our hymnology to equal the stanza beginning

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

There may have been singers with a finer sense of melody; Watts's metrical and musical range was limited—he had only six meters—but not the most tuneful of our sacred poets has given us lines more exquisite than these."

In George Eliot's Adam Bede, is the noted character of Dinah Morris, "not a fictitious character, but a real personage bearing the author's own family name." She was a preacher and lived near Matlock, England, and passed away at a great age. In her dying moments she was full of pain, and one night a friend supported her in a sitting posture, when she suddenly began to repeat in a spirit of sweet composure that stanza of marvelous pathos:

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

In 1830, James Delaney, then twenty-six years old, was a British artilleryman doing service in India. The first Protestant prayer he ever heard was at the execution of a soldier for the crime of murder. Delaney's command was stationed at Maulmain, and while there he heard the remarkable preaching of Eugenio Kincaid. At one of the services held in March, 1831, he heard for the first time, When I survey the Wondrous Cross. The hymn stirred his soul as nothing ever had before. In his

hard life he seemed to be insensible to religious influences; but the song so deeply moved him that the course of his life was changed. His conversion was complete, and in a few weeks he was baptized in the Salwin river. Four years after, Delaney emigrated to the United States, and in 1844 settled in Wisconsin. He became a Baptist missionary, and afterwards a regular pastor, and the fruits of his labors in these fields of activity were no less remarkable than his conversion. He passed away at Whitewater, Wisconsin, in 1896, at the age of ninety-three.

This was the favorite hymn of the late Professor Edwards Amasa Park, the famous Andover teacher and theologian. His preference for it was so marked that it was frequently noted and alluded to; and the hymn was sung at his burial on the seventh of June, 1900.

Another hymn by Watts which Dr. Horder says "will be sung as long as the Church continues her worship-song," is that sublime paraphrase of the Ninetieth Psalm,

> Our God, our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come;
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home!

Canon Liddon says it is one of the three best hymns in our language. The various tunes to which it is usually sung do not seem to comport with the

grandeur of the hymn, and probably this explains why its use in public worship is much restricted.

Perhaps the finest ascription of praise Watts condensed into eight lines is the charming paraphrase of the One Hundred and Seventeenth Psalm,

> From all that dwell below the skies,
> Let the Creator's praise arise;
> Let the Redeemer's name be sung
> Through every land, by every tongue.
>
> Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
> Eternal truth attends Thy word;
> Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
> Till suns shall rise and set no more.

This is a brief but beautiful rendering of the shortest chapter in the Bible. "There is a charm in poetry and music which has never been exhausted, and by many not even fully realized."

The greatest gathering of singers and musicians the world ever saw was at the Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872. Twelve thousand trained voices and three thousand instruments rendered the masterpieces of the ages. When the marvelous thrill of excitement occasioned by the arrival of President Grant on the first day had passed away, Patrick S. Gilmore, the organizer and leader of the chorus, received a tremendous ovation. Finally he raised the enchanter's wand in the air, and when it descended, "a flood of song burst forth from twice ten thousand voices in the solemn strains of Old Hundred," united to the inspiring words,

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise.

The effect was complete and overwhelming. It was a fitting prelude to the most stupendous undertaking ever known in the history of music.

No hymn ascribed to Watts has perhaps received greater recognition than that accorded Before Jehovah's awful Throne. When he paraphrased the One Hundredth Psalm, his first four lines did not match the dignity of the theme. When John Wesley was in America in 1736 he revised a portion of the hymn by dropping the first stanza; and for Watts's first two lines of the second stanza,

Nations, attend before His throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy,

he substituted the splendid couplet that all Christendom has adopted,

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy.

It is a fact of no small interest that this hymn which, by John Wesley's genius, was given exceptional power and sublimity, was first published in his Psalms and Hymns at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1736-37, and was repeated in England four years after.

A writer in one of the New York papers once attempted a description of a visit to Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London, where the singing surpassed anything he had ever heard in Church wor-

ship. He declared it was worth a trip across the Atlantic to hear Spurgeon's audience sing Before Jehovah's awful Throne, to Old Hundred. The massive harmony of the six thousand voices produced an effect too sublime for him to describe. Not a voice seemed to be mute, save occasionally when some one's nerves were overpowered by the mighty rolling chorus that rose on every side.

Frequent mention has been made of another interesting incident with which this hymn is associated. It was early in 1854, in the harbor of Japan, where Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry—a brother of Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame—"was lying with his fleet at anchor, while he was, in the name of the United States, conducting that treaty by which the ports of this heretofore hermit nation were to be thrown open to the commerce of the world. Thousands of natives were gathered upon the shore, when the chaplain of the flagship gave direction for the singing of this hymn. The marine band struck up the notes of Old Hundred, and Before Jehovah's awful Throne swelled in a mighty chorus along the shore as a command to the nation to yield to the force of Christian civilization."

The first great missionary hymn was written by Watts in 1719, and begins with the lines,

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run.

It is a famous version of the Seventy-second Psalm;

and with the surprising "growth and development of Foreign Missions" during the nineteenth century, the hymn is next to Heber's From Greenland's icy Mountains, in popularity. Mr. George John Stevenson of London, gives an account of the striking and historical use of this hymn:

"The most interesting occasion on which this hymn was used was that on which King George, the sable, of the South Sea Islands, but of blessed memory, gave a new constitution to his people, exchanging a heathen for a Christian form of government. Under the spreading branches of the banyan trees, some five thousand natives from Tonga, Fiji, and Samoa, on Whitsunday, 1862, assembled for divine worship. Foremost among them all sat King George himself. Around him were seated old chiefs and warriors who had shared with him the dangers and fortunes of many a battle. But old and young alike rejoiced together in the joys of that day. It would be impossible to describe the deep feeling manifested when the solemn service began by the entire audience singing Dr. Watts's hymn,

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Does his successive journeys run;
> His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
> Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

They had been rescued from the darkness of heathenism and cannibalism, and that day had met for the first time under a Christian king, and with Christ reigning in the hearts of most of those pres-

ent. That was indeed Christ's kingdom set up in the earth."

Dr. Watts was the pioneer of popular English hymnology. "He broke new ground." He did exceedingly much to improve and inspire worship-song. He did not write anything quite so dear to the human heart as Jesus, Lover of my Soul, or Rock of Ages, but he soared to the highest region of spiritual devotion in many of his perfect hymns of praise, for which the Churches will hold him "in perpetual remembrance."

VIII.

O Happy Day That Fixed My Choice.

ONE of the great names in English hymnody is Philip Doddridge. He was the twentieth child of a London oil merchant, and was born in 1702. So few were the signs of life at his birth that at first he was given up for dead, and his constitution was ever afterwards extremely delicate. His parents died when he was quite young, but his religious training was begun by his mother in his early childhood when she taught him Scriptural history by means of the figured Dutch tiles of the chimney of her apartment.

When Doddridge was about fifteen years old he entered a private school at St. Albans, where his studiousness and piety attracted the notice of Dr. Samuel Clarke, a philanthropic Presbyterian minister who kindly undertook the charge and expense of the orphan's education. After quitting St. Albans, the Duchess of Bedford offered to support him at the University and procure for him preferment in the Church of England, but Doddridge remembered that his parents were Dissenters, and with great conscientiousness he declined the generous offer. In the effort to qualify himself for the office of a Dissenting minister, he met with much discouragement. But eventually he became a stu-

The hymn was sung at Livingstone's burial in Westminster Abbey, in April, 1874.

But of the hymns written by Doddridge, the one that rises above all others in making history, is that which expresses joy in personal dedication to God—

O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

In point of poetic excellence this hymn may not stand comparison with Hark! the Glad Sound, but in many great revivals in America and Great Britain, it has been a wonderful power. Its "lyric force and fervor" and the splendor of its theme, will always make it a favorite in the Churches.

In the Established Church of England the hymn is used for confirmations; and its appropriateness for such occasions was so highly appreciated by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert that it was selected by them to be sung at the confirmation of one of the royal children.

In January, 1898, a remarkable scene was witnessed at the old Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church in St. Louis. The occasion was the mid-week prayer meeting, and when the venerable pastor, Dr. Mathews, was about to dismiss the several hundred who had braved the rain and melting ice to attend the service, he invited any one who desired the prayers of the Church to go forward while the last hymn was being sung. A well-dressed, earnest-looking lady approached the altar and quietly knelt at a chair. The incident immediately became one of intense interest, and hardly any one seemed inclined to leave. Several prayers were offered in her behalf, and her tears and sobs indicated an extraordinary depth of earnestness and conviction.

It was about ten o'clock when the president of a metropolitan bank, an extensive manufacturer, and the president of a wholesale dry-goods company, were all on their knees praying for the penitent. Then the hymn,

> **O happy day that fixed my choice**
> **On Thee, my Savior and my God,**

was started without book or organ. The entire

audience "chimed in with a soft, sweet unity in time and tone and heart." When the third stanza,

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and He is mine,

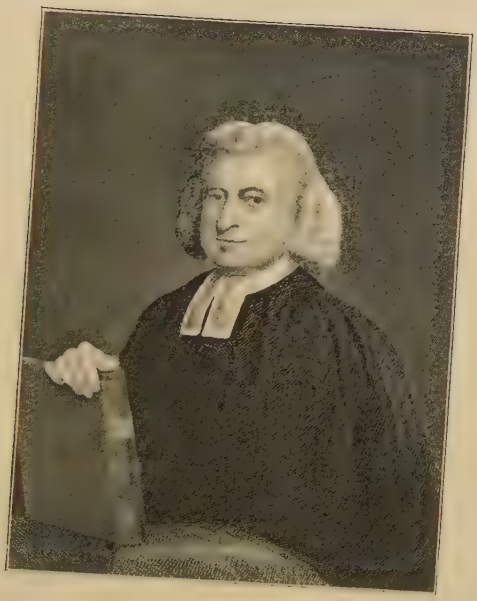
was reached, the penitent woman still on her knees, raised her hands in prayer, "while her face was as radiant as if an electric search-light had been turned on from the throne of God."

"The scene," says the St. Louis Christian Advocate, "was worth more than all the books ever written on the evidences of Christianity." To this woman of modesty and culture, the revelation of God's love "was as instantaneous as the electric flash on the brow of the storm king."

One of the most notable scenes that occurred during the evangelistic tour of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Ireland, was at their last meeting at Belfast, on the seventeenth of October, 1874. When three thousand people stood to sing the last hymn,

O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God,

the chords of the hearts of the people were swept with overpowering effect. One writer says it was like the sound of many waters to hear the multitude sing this hymn; and that the depth of emotion which the old and familiar lines produced, was impossible to describe.



CHARLES WESLEY.

IX.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

ISAAC Watts was the real founder of English hymnody, but the flood of sacred song that mightily stirred the hearts of men was not felt in a marked degree in England till the beginning of the Wesleyan revivals. The hymns of Charles Wesley, which the people could both sing and feel, powerfully aided in making the gospel in that movement one of the most revolutionary engines the world ever saw. Green, the historian of the English people, says the Wesleyan revivals changed the whole temper of English society; but he fails to note that no man made a larger contribution to the success of that great awakening than the gentle spirit, sometimes called "the sweet singer of Methodism."

Charles Wesley was the eighteenth child of Samuel and Susanna Wesley, and was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, in December, 1708. At the age of eight years he was sent to Westminster School, and when he reached fifteen there occurred the most consequential event of his life. A member of the British Parliament, named Garret Wesley, but in no wise related to the Epworth Wesleys, lived at Dangan, Ireland; and having no children of his own, he desired to adopt a child bearing the name

date of his conversion—he celebrated his triumph over spiritual gloom by writing this song of rejoicing,

> O for a thousand tongues to sing
> My dear Redeemer's praise.

He had written many hymns before the Pentecostal day in his history, but not one of them was the spontaneous effusion of the heart.

It was never Charles Wesley's desire that the Methodist Society should be separate from the Church of England. He did not assent to the Methodist system of ordination, but this difference of opinion did not disturb the ardent friendship of the brothers. It was John's wish that he and Charles might lie side by side in the burial ground of the City Road Chapel, but Charles said: "I have lived, and I die, in the communion of the Church of England, and I shall be buried in the yard of my parish Church." He died in London, March twenty-ninth, 1788, preceding John three years.

For nearly fifty years the stimulating and sanctifying song-power did not depart from Charles Wesley. He had exquisite taste, a warm love for music, and his soul naturally soared on the wings of praise. He was in the completeness of his powers on every great occasion, and times of trouble brought forth his best hymns. For hours of joy or sorrow, for days of triumph or nights of despair, for seasons of great revivals or times of persecution—in fact, for

every event that could occur in the life of an individual or in the history of a nation, he had an impassioned song. When in the white-heat of his Christian vigor, in a storm of persecution, when the brothers were way-laid, and bonfires were made of their meeting houses, Charles wrote,

> Arise, my soul, arise,
> Shake off thy guilty fear.

In 1744 the spirit of persecution was fierce in some parts of England against the Wesleys, and during the trouble with France, their preachers were impressed into the army, and the two brothers dragged before magistrates, and when released Charles inspired his followers by this splendid thanksgiving hymn,

> Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
> And publish abroad His wonderful name.

It was during these same troublous times that he wrote the remarkably beautiful hymn in four stanzas,

> Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
> Born to set Thy people free;
> From our fears and sins release us,
> Let us find our rest in Thee.

Professor Frederic Mayer Bird of Lehigh University, eminent among the clergy of the Episcopal Church, is inclined to rank the hymn with Jesus, Lover of my Soul. It is comparatively new to the

Church in America, but all hymnals of high merit compiled within the past twenty-five years recognize its great worth. Some one has said that music is half of any grand song; and the reason why this charming hymn is seldom heard, even in Methodist Churches, is that the tune with which it is associated in the hymnal of that denomination, lacks the grace and flow of the words.

About one year after Charles Wesley's conversion he wrote the popular Christmas lyric,

> **Hark! the Herald Angels sing**
> **Glory to our new-born King.**

This is one of the ten hymns which have gained the greatest amount of favor in the hymn-books of Great Britain. It has undergone several changes, but the hymn as it now stands in a majority of collections, is mostly the work of Charles Wesley.

Wesley was the most prolific hymn-writer of any country or age. During his lifetime he published nearly four thousand hymns of his own composition, and at his death he left about two thousand in manuscript form. The Rev. J. H. Overton, D. D., Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, and the present Rector of Epworth, says "it is perfectly marvelous how many of these hymns rise to the highest degree of excellence." But Wesley's masterpiece is the sublime prayer which the Christian Church delights to honor:

Jesus, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
Lo! on Thee I cast my care:
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and, behold, I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

For a century and a half this hymn has been "one of the master-tones of God." Several charming stories have been published concerning the origin of the hymn, but unfortunately no one has been competent to substantiate any one of them, and therefore it is presumable that they have no foundation in fact. The hymn was written shortly after Charles Wesley's conversion, probably in 1739, and was printed when the first Methodist Society was about six months old. It would indeed be interesting to Christian worshipers of every name if the personal history of Jesus, Lover of my Soul, was known; but what circumstance inspired it will ever remain a mystery, as Wesley did not put upon record a single word that would indicate the experience out of which this song of holy love flowed from his heart.

The hymn is pre-eminently great. The Rev. George Duffield, a Presbyterian minister, and author of Stand up, Stand up for Jesus, says: "One of the most blessed days of my life was when I found, after my harp had long hung on the willows, that I could sing again; that a new song was put in my mouth; and when, ere I was aware, I was singing,

Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

If there is anything in Christian experience, of joy

and sorrow, of prosperity and affliction, of life and death—that hymn is the hymn of the ages."

Harriet Beecher Stowe, when describing the dying hours of her venerable father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, said: "The last indication of life, on the day of his death (January tenth, 1863), was a mute response to his wife repeating,

> Jesus, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly."

It was this death-bed scene of his father that led Henry Ward Beecher to say: "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's than have the fame of all the kings that ever sat upon the thrones of power. Thrones and they that sit thereon, perish, but that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

The Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, a Baptist, of Tremont Temple, Boston, names Jesus, Lover of my Soul, as one of the first hymns to which his great congregations most frequently turn. And the Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, a Congregationalist, pastor of the Collegiate Church, New York, says: "Two of the most popular and useful hymns are Jesus, Lover of my Soul, and Rock of Ages. Both are wholly evangelical and highly devotional. Of the two hymns I should say the former has the deeper and more permanent place in the heart of the Church. This, no doubt, is partly due to the fact that Martyn is a

better tune than Toplady. Anyway, the people seem to carry it more easily and heartily."

There is a familiar and an interesting incident that connects this hymn with the dying hours of that distinguished preacher, revivalist, and educator, Charles Grandison Finney, for many years President of Oberlin College, Ohio. On Sunday evening, August fifteenth, 1875, he and Mrs. Finney were walking about the College grounds, when by and by the choir of the Church, in which he had preached with mighty force for nearly forty years, began to sing Jesus, Lover of my Soul, as part of the service. It was a calm, beautiful, impressive evening hour, and when the venerable doctor, then eighty-three years old, heard the delightful strains of Martyn, the words of the song came to his saintly soul with a new and fuller meaning. He caught the lines and carried them to the end with the choir. This was Finney's last song upon earth. Just at the dawn of morning he was seized with a severe heart-affection, and when earth cast its dark shadow about him, God took him gently by the hand and led him through the darkness into glory and immortality.

Recently The Boston Globe published a story of more than usual interest showing the influence of Jesus, Lover of my Soul. A few years ago a number of Civil War veterans were passengers on a Mississippi steamer (not on an Atlantic steamer as commonly stated), when one evening the company, discussing the question whether there was such a thing as a

special Providence, an old soldier related this incident: "During the Atlanta campaign in 1864, I was called on one night for sentinel duty. It was frightfully dark, the enemy was near, the country full of pitfalls, and I knew that my life was in momentary peril. Of course, I had faced just as great risks many times before, but somehow on this particular night I began to dwell upon the danger that surrounded me, until I was in a state of nervous collapse. In the effort to calm my fears I began to sing Jesus, Lover of my Soul, very much on the principle of a boy who whistles in going through the woods. I sang the hymn through to the end, and by the time I had finished it, I was perfectly calm and fearless."

Among the listeners to this story was an ex-Confederate soldier, who at the close asked: "Did you say that happened before Atlanta in 1864?" "Yes." "Well, my friend, I was in the Confederate army stationed at Atlanta. I was reconnoitering one night when I chanced to pass near a sentinel of the Northern army at his post. I had determined to pop him over, and was bringing my gun to my shoulder, when I heard him sing the words,

> **Cover my defenseless head**
> **With the shadow of Thy wing.**

I quickly dropped my gun, saying to myself: 'I can't kill that man were he ten times my enemy.' "

It was a pathetic scene when the ex-Confederate

finished his story, and the two old veterans of opposing armies instinctively clasped each other by the hand. Tears of gratitude came to the eyes of the Union soldier when he heard how this hymn-prayer had saved his life.

Only a few years since, a Sunday afternoon service was held in the woman's department of the prison on Blackwell's Island, New York. A short, practical sermon, quite suitable for the time and place, was delivered by the minister. But not in the least did the discourse seem to affect the women. It fell like good seed "upon the stoniest ground." When the minister concluded his sermon, two ladies who were visiting the prison, sang Jesus, Lover of my Soul. It was rendered with such a glow of warmth that the hard faces of the women-prisoners soon began to soften; then heads were bowed, and before the hymn was finished, loud sobs, indicating deep contrition, were heard in all parts of the chapel. The door to many hearts was opened that afternoon by the beautiful and effective ministry of song.

One of the most affecting uses of a hymn in the hour of suffering and death, is found in the story of a drummer boy in the memorable battle of Chickamauga, fought in Tennessee, on the nineteenth and twentieth of September, 1863. Tom, as the boy was called, was a great favorite in the regiment to which he belonged; and he was so devout and faithful that they named him "the young deacon." One day he seemed to carry a sad heart, and when questioned

by the chaplain as to his troubles, Tom said: "You know that my little sister Mary is dead—died when ten years old. My mother was poor and a widow, and she never seemed like herself afterwards. And then she died too, and I had no home, and I came to the war. But last night I dreamed that the war was over and I went back home, and just before I got to the house my mother and little sister came out to meet me. I didn't seem to remember that they were dead. And my mother, in her smiles, kissed me, and pressed me to her heart. Oh sir, it appeared just as real as you are now."

The next day there was terrible fighting by the two great armies, and Tom was busy either with his drum or in assisting the drum corps in carrying the wounded and dead off the field. Four times the ground was swept and occupied by the contending forces. But the darkness of night came on, and the fearful carnage ceased for the time. It was known that Tom was among the wounded and was left with the dead and dying. In the stillness of the night a voice was heard singing away off on the field where no comrade dare venture. It sounded like the voice of Tom. Softly and sweetly the words floated on the wings of night,

> **Jesus, Lover of my soul,**
> **Let me to Thy bosom fly.**

When the voice reached the pleading and pathetic lines of the hymn,

Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;

it became faint and tremulous, and then silent. In the morning Tom was found leaning against a stump, and his drum was by his side. His dream had become a reality. The war was over. He had gone to meet his mother and Mary in an eternity of loving companionship.

In speaking of Wesley as a hymnist, Professor Bird says: "No other name in British sacred lyric poetry can be compared with his, and there does not exist in England or America, that Christian Church, sect, or man, that can afford to forget his obligations to Charles Wesley."

And in his Dictionary of Hymnology, the Rev. Dr. Julian gives Wesley this high praise: "The saying that a really good hymn is as rare an appearance as that of a comet, is falsified by the work of Charles Wesley; for hymns which are really good in every respect, flowed from his pen in quick succession, and death alone stopped the course of the perennial stream."

More than a hundred years have passed into history since Charles Wesley joined the "invisible choir." He was an able preacher, but perhaps no one can now recall a single paragraph, or even a sentence, he uttered in any of his splendid sermons. But many of his hymns have a deathless living. They illustrate how the music of the soul becomes the hallowed prayer of millions of people.

The Christian Church in all English-speaking lands clings with the tenderest love to the great hymns of that singer whose soul was formed for holy music, and "who was impelled by delightful necessity to give poetic expression to the thoughts that breathed and the words that burned within him."

X.

A Famous Resignation Hymn.

ANY hymns which have vastly ennobled the music of the Church and enriched the flow of songs of the soul, and have a broad and firm grasp upon the Christian world, have come from the heart of woman. The tragic fate of her heart's first love immortalized the name of Anne Steele in sacred song. The refiner's fire began its work early in her girlhood, and for half a century her life was clouded by sorrow.

Miss Steele was born at Broughton, Hampshire, England, in 1716. Her father was a timber merchant, and also a lay-preacher, and it is said of him that he officiated at the Broughton Baptist Church for nearly sixty years, and always declined compensation for his services. In her childhood she sustained severe injury in an accident that made her a life-long cripple. In 1737 a painful circumstance greatly shattered her already impaired constitution. She was engaged to a young man of unusual intellectual attainments and fine Christian character, but only a few hours before the time set for the wedding, the heart-breaking news was received that her affianced, Robert Elscourt, was drowned. On that terrible day the earthly hopes of Anne Steele were buried in the soul's deepest sorrow, and for forty

years it seemed as if her heart was never again warmed by the touch of human love. She entreated her friends to leave her alone "in the silent and hallowed presence of her God," and out of her great grief and soul-consecration was born one of the sweetest night-singers of the age.

Though heart-broken, Miss Steele did not yield to despair. "She made herself a ministering spirit, devoting her life to deeds of love and mercy." In the course of her life she wrote one hundred and forty-four hymns, and a collection of them was first published in 1760, under the nom de plume of Theodosia. Another collection of her poems was printed in 1769, and it was through this edition that her hymns were first made available for congregational use. She continued her literary and Christian work almost to the day of her death, which occurred at Broughton in November, 1778. Her father, who died in 1769, made a complete gift of his time and talent to the Church, and Anne, following his example, consecrated all the profits accruing from the sale of her books, to objects of Christian philanthropy.

No voice ever sang in sickness or in grief more tenderly than Anne Steele's, and the beauty and purity of her hymns have endeared them to all evangelical communions.

There is a singing mountain just outside of Honolulu in Hawaii, called Tantalus, the top of which is "voiced like a dreamland," and even the

most staid nature "will thrill and be mystified by its sweetness and melancholy." The natives believe that the sounds come from the ghosts of departed warriors, but the real explanation is found in the fact that the singing is simply "the beating of the ocean-breakers on the windward shore, and the cadence of the calmer surf below alternating with the angry and wilder scolding of the storm above."

In the sunshine Tantalus never strikes a note that touches anybody's feelings. Its deep, melancholy sounds are heard only in the darkness of the night. And had it not been for the waves of sorrow which beat so vehemently against the soul of Miss Steele, her heart would never have been voiced to sing the hymns whose preciousness and power lie in their sweet, pathetic tones. From the time her soul gave out its first hymn to the hour of her swan-song, her personal sufferings were reflected in her verse.

Of the noted women to enrich the treasury of Church song, Anne Steele was the first. There is a lasting quality about some of her hymns. Her voice has been silent for more than a century but until ten years ago more of her verses were found in hymnals of various denominations than from any other woman that ever lived. Perhaps the sweetest of all her hymns is that familiar one which came out of a very sick room one hundred and forty years ago:

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy Sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

This hymn of beautiful, quiet resignation, was introduced in the Church of England in 1776, and ever since that time its use in all English-speaking countries has been very extensive. There is hardly anything in the hymn-books more tender than Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss, when sung to Naomi, arranged by our honored Lowell Mason from Johann Georg Nageli.

Among other hymns by Miss Steele which are still doing good service in the Churches are, Dear Refuge of my Weary Soul; Far From these Narrow Scenes of Night; Great God, this Sacred Day of Thine; To Our Redeemer's Glorious Name; My God, My Father, Blissful Name. The last is a splendid hymn-prayer, and Archdeacon Wilson of Manchester, England, says it was the first of the three hundred hymns he committed to memory when a boy, and which "entered into his bone and blood, as the true philosophy of life and the wisest prayer."

Dr. Julian says: "Miss Steele may not inappropriately be compared with Frances R. Havergal, our

Theodosia of the nineteenth century. In both there is the same evangelic fervor, in both the same intense personal devotion to the Lord Jesus. But while Miss Steele seems to think of Him more frequently as her bleeding, dying Lord—dwelling on His sufferings in their physical aspect—Miss Havergal oftener refers to His living help and sympathy, recognizes with gladness His present claims as Master and King, and anticipates almost with ecstasy His second coming. Looking at the whole of Miss Steele's hymns, we find in them a wider range of thought than in Miss Havergal's compositions. She treats of a greater variety of subjects. On the other hand, Miss Havergal, living in this age of missions and general philanthropy, has much more to say concerning Christian work and personal service for Christ and humanity."

Some one has said that the best ages of the world, the best hours of history, are in touch with the periods of struggle. And likewise our best hymns are closely in touch with human suffering. Great hymns had been born of pain and struggle before Anne Steele began to sing her heart-songs, yet it seemed that a voice "more tender and delicate, giving utterance to the pensive yearning, and glowing emotion characteristic of the sisterhood of Christian believers, was needed to perfect the harmony of public praise;" and that pathetic voice has kept on singing all these years and is still teaching mankind the divine art of carrying sorrow.

XI.

There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

PAINFULLY interesting is the story of the unhappy life of William Cowper, one of the most notable names in the Church hymnal, and one of the brightest suns of "England's literary firmament." It has been said that in the entire annals of mental disease there is no case so widely known, or which has excited so deep interest and sympathy, as the insanity of the greatest poet of affection the world has produced.

Cowper was born at Great Berkhampstead, England, in 1731. From his early childhood he was a sensitive plant, and in the death of his mother when he was six years old "he lost that shelter and maternal love and care which his tender and delicate nature needed." When ten years old he was sent to Westminster School where he spent seven or eight years, after which he selected the profession of law, and entered the office of a solicitor in London, where he did but little more than idle away three years.

The first shadow of that awful melancholy which clouded all his future life, appeared when Cowper was about twenty years old. In 1754 he was called to the bar, but for nine years "he neither sought business nor business sought him." An influential

friend then obtained for him a clerkship in the House of Lords; but when Cowper learned that he must appear before the bar of the Lords for examination, he became painfully despondent, and three times attempted to commit suicide. He was taken to an asylum at St. Albans and placed under the care of Dr. Cotton, himself a poet of some repute, and the two years spent in fellowship with the "little physician," as he was called, proved a healing balm to Cowper.

In 1765 he removed to Huntingdon, near Cambridge, and two years later he settled at Olney, and here began the delightful intimacy between the poet and the celebrated John Newton, who was curate at that place. It was here that the gentle invalid came directly under the influence and spiritual sway of Newton's extremely earnest religious life. Here he learned to lead religious meetings, and to exercise active piety among the poor of the parish. Here were written his portion of the Olney Hymns, some of which have filled the religious world with his fame.

Cowper's afflictions seemed to "fall in showers." After residing at Olney six years the clouds again settled over his mind, and for the following ten years he lived more or less in mental gloom. In 1779 Newton was given the curacy at St. Mary Woolnoth, London, and thus ended twelve years of charming fellowship of these two remarkable men. In human history there is hardly anything more inter-

esting or unique than their companionship at Olney. Newton, with his intense enthusiasm, and his iron frame still unshaken by the hardships and excesses of an ungodly life on ship-board and in hostile lands, now gave his consecrated life and redeemed energies to Christ, and poured forth the joy and hope and love of his regenerated nature from the pulpit and in his Olney hymns. Cowper, gentle, frail, timid, and brooding over the inward horrors of his mental darkness, but always as harmless and lovely as "the lilies he loved," wrote in the intervals of his terrible malady, those trembling and immortal flowers of song which the Church will "ever preserve with loving care."

Cowper's removal in 1786 to Weston, one mile from Olney, gave him pleasant associations and largely increased his personal comfort; but the tangled meshes of his mind were not unwoven for any considerable time during his residence there. Mrs. Unwin, who was his devoted nurse for nearly twenty-five years, died in 1796, and this event greatly deepened his dejection. The cloud of melancholy became so dark that he was taken to the home of a friend at East Dereham, where the life which had been "in reality a tragedy," closed on the twenty-fifth of April, 1800.

The last of Cowper's poems was written on the twentieth of March, 1799. It is called The Castaway, and is founded on an account of a sailor being swept over-board in a storm during one of Admiral

Anson's voyages. The first and last stanzas "pathetically illustrate the awful sorrow under which Cowper lived and died:"

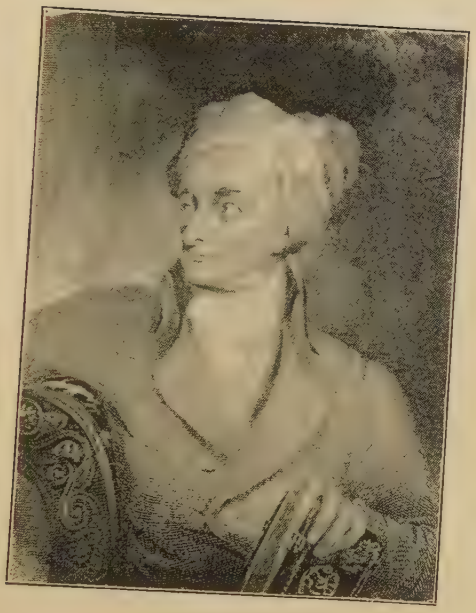
Obscurest night involved the sky;
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home forever left.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

A few years since The Atlantic Monthly printed the following impressive sentence on Cowper: "This poor sick soul, who dwells likes a frail child in the shelter of feminine sympathy, and for whom there is no way but that toward madness, is inspired to be the voice and the courage of a sentiment which we in our day have seen extinguish slavery on fields of battle."

In Mrs. Browning's exquisite lines on Cowper's Grave, is the following beautiful and affecting stanza which "touches a sympathetic chord in every heart:"

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging,
O men, this man, in brotherhood, your weary hearts beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling.



believe me yours

Wm Cowper.

Cowper was one of the great poets of the religious revival that marked the latter part of the eighteenth century. Of the Olney Hymns he wrote sixty-six, several of which are among the highly prized treasures of the Christian Church. One of the earliest contributions to that collection,

> **Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,**
> **From strife and tumult far;**

has much to do with the personal history of Cowper. After quitting St. Albans he was taken to Huntingdon by his brother, on Saturday, June twenty-second, 1765, and was left alone among strangers. In his autobiography he says he went to church on Sunday, that he was deeply impressed by the sermon, and that he seemed to speak to the Lord face to face as a man conversing with his friend, except that "my speech was only in tears of joy and groanings which cannot be uttered." Immediately after the service he retired to a "sacred nook in the corner of the field," where he had prayed the day before, and this nook seems to be the birth-place of the beautiful hymn.

Perhaps the most charming and tender hymn that came from the troubled heart of Cowper begins with this stanza,

> **O for a closer walk with God,**
> **A calm and heavenly frame,**
> **A light to shine upon the road**
> **That leads me to the Lamb!**

This composition is so perfect and popular that it stands among the elect songs which have found places in the hymnals of all Churches. Meddlesome hymn-menders have not touched a single line of the hymn, and happily it is sung around the world with absolutely no change from the original.

The reader understands that much of Cowper's life was spent in the gloom of melancholy madness. His suicidal impulses were frequent. The story is told that in 1773 he attempted to drown himself in the river Ouse, but by some fortuitous event his purpose failed, and when his mental shadow was momentarily dispelled he wrote the sublimest of all hymns on Divine Providence,

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform;
> He plants His footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm.

But it is not clear from the testimony that this popular account of the origin of the hymn is trustworthy. Unquestionably, the hymn was written at a period not far removed from Cowper's sad mental break-down of 1773. The hymn is classable with the best of English sacred songs; and the late James Thomas Fields, a master in English literature, says, "To be the author of such a hymn as God moves in a Mysterious Way, is an achievement that angels themselves might envy."

But the hymn that has made more history, and is oftener used than anything else Cowper wrote, is composed of five simple stanzas:

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

This is a great hymn. In beauty, tenderness, and literary merit, it cannot be compared with other hymns of Cowper. The simile in the first stanza is revolting to some critics, but the hymn is hallowed by many precious associations, and will continue to make glad the Churches of God. We must not be unmindful of the fact that every line of it is a heart-utterance from poor Cowper. It was inspired by "the soothing, restraining, and purifying influence of that religion that had stood for forty years between him and the madman's cell, or the suicide's grave."

The Rev. Dr. W. Garrett Horder, of London,

does not give the hymn a place in his excellent collection of Congregational Hymns; and not long since, in an article published in The Outlook, he said: "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood, is the outcome of a morbid mind of the gentle poet, and of the hyper-evangelicalism of the time in which his lot was cast. Use and sacred association hide the carnal elements of this hymn from many, but surely the time has come when it should have a solemn but speedy burial." But the popularity of the hymn, and its importance from a spiritual viewpoint, are shown in this significant fact; almost every prominent hymnal in the United States contains it. Many of the later editions have been edited with distinctive ability, and I may add, with rigid discrimination in the choice of hymns, and not one of them has discarded There is a Fountain filled with Blood.

One can find many incidents of historic value which illustrate the power of this hymn. In June, 1870, an international Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association assembled at Indianapolis, Indiana. Dwight L. Moody of Chicago, and Ira D. Sankey of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, were members of the Convention. The two men were strangers to each other. At one of the morning services the singing lacked the spirit of true-hearted praise, and some one acquainted with Mr. Sankey invited him to take charge of the music. He went forward, and among the hymns he gave out was There is a Fountain filled with Blood. The soul-

feeling with which he sang that particular hymn, made a wonderful impression upon the audience, and especially upon Mr. Moody. He had discovered his man. The evangelist and the singer were introduced, they formed an alliance; and only four years afterwards, the mighty revival spirit that swept over Great Britain, when millions of hearts and tongues were moved as they had not been moved for many years, was the work of the gospel message proclaimed in sermon and song by Moody and Sankey.

There comes a story from London that John Cross, a gentleman of large benevolence, and who, like John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, was highly successful as a Bible teacher, had a notorious infidel for a neighbor. Mr. Cross took a noteworthy interest in the man's spiritual welfare, and several times endeavored to reach his bedside, but his wife, obeying the commands of her dying husband, sternly refused to allow any one to converse with him on the subject of religion. But the good man was not discouraged, and he soon solved the difficulty. In the neighborhood was a little girl whose voice in song was always sweet and impressive, and Mr. Cross said to her, "Mabel, would you mind singing the hymn, There is a Fountain filled with Blood, in the room of yonder window where a poor man is very sick?" Mabel was glad to do so kind a service, and Mr. Cross gave her a handful of beautiful flowers, and in a few minutes she was admitted

into the room, and laying the flowers on a table near the bed, she began the hymn. Line after line was sung tenderly and touchingly, and presently the sick man was overcome with emotion, and in a tremulous voice he asked: "Where, my child, did you get that song?" When he learned that Mabel was a member of Mr. Cross's Bible class, he made the request that the teacher should call at the room, and the sequel can be told in a single line—"a brand plucked from the burning."

Some years ago a thrilling account of the career of a notorious robber was published in the New York papers. He had been arrested many times, but prison discipline made no hopeful impression upon him. But he had grown tired of the hard life he was living and seemed anxious to reform. An evangelist talked kindly to him and prayed fervently for him, yet that did not seem to avail. The first stanza of There is a Fountain filled with Blood was then sung, but the obdurate heart of the man was not touched. The second stanza of the hymn was rendered with all the pathos and sympathy the heart and voice of the evangelist could produce,

> **The dying thief rejoiced to see**
> **That fountain in his day;**
> **And there have I, as vile as he,**
> **Washed all my sins away.**

The criminal was melted to tears. The hymn became his door of hope; and the life that had been

so long abandoned to vice and crime, was finally dedicated to Christian service.

The hymn has been a wonderful power in every great revival that has swept over this and other lands during the past century. It has broken down as many hard hearts, and changed as many lives, as any other hymn in the language. A song of hope that has so deeply moved the souls of men, cannot be lost to the service of the Church.

It would be inappropriate to close this chapter without at least a brief mention of the distinguished John Newton. For twelve years at Olney he was the constant companion and spiritual adviser of William Cowper. He was born in London in 1725, and in his childhood he lost the loving care of his mother. At the age of eleven he went to sea with his father, and from that time till he was nearly twenty-five, his life was one of abject degradation. He was flogged for desertion, and many times was put in irons. Before Newton was eighteen he became an infidel, and finally was abandoned as a moral wreck.

Once Newton was left on the coast of Africa, and wandered in the groves of Sierra Leone, subsisting chiefly on herbs, and for fifteen months he did not feel the touch of sympathy from any human soul. He was finally picked up by an English trader, and on the homeward voyage the vessel encountered a terrific storm. But the tempest of the sea was hardly less severe than the tempest in

Newton's soul. He broke down completely, and became a changed man. In the course of time he began to study for the ministry to which his praying mother had devoted him, and in 1764 was ordained and became curate of Olney.

It was while at Olney that Newton proposed to Cowper that they should join in writing a volume of hymns, first, for the purpose of promoting the faith and comfort of sincere Christians; and second, that it might be a monument to perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship. The volume was published in 1779, and became known as Olney Hymns. It attained a surprising popularity throughout Great Britain, partly because the hymns of Cowper were read with peculiar and increasing interest; and partly perhaps because the book was unique, being the first collection of original hymns published by a priest of the Church of England. Of the three hundred and forty-nine hymns in the volume, Cowper is credited with sixty-six, and the others are the compositions of Newton.

While Newton has probably not written anything that will endure like some of the hymns of his friend Cowper, he has given the Church a few admirable songs which are still in popular use. Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken, is a dignified ascription of praise. Safely Through another Week, is a beautiful hymn for Sabbath morning, and is found in nearly all hymnals. How Sweet the Name

of Jesus Sounds, is so full of heart-felt gratitude, and has such an exuberant overflow of soul-enthusiasm for Christ, that it has been accepted by the Church universal. But like all other prolific hymn-writers before and since his time, Newton wrote too much for his own fame.

Newton remained at St. Mary Woolnoth till his death in 1807. He was a remarkably successful priest. He was the means of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, the missionary who poured such a flood of gospel light on the East Indies. Thomas Scott, the renowned commentator, was also among Newton's trophies.

XII.

Blest be the Tie that Binds.

MONG the world's best hymns is that delightful expression of Christian fellowship and love, Blest be the Tie that Binds. It is the masterpiece of the Rev. John Fawcett, D. D., born at Lidget Green, near Bradford, England, in 1739. He was eleven years old when his father died, and the mother and several children being left in straitened circumstances, John was placed under the care of a London tradesman at the age of thirteen, the apprenticeship to continue six years. He was sixteen when he heard Whitfield preach one of his marvelous sermons, and the occasion marked the beginning of young Fawcett's Christian life. Years afterwards, in writing of the event, he said: "As long as life remains I shall remember both the text and the sermon."

George Whitfield did not perpetuate his influence by writing any hymns, but, as the late Rev. E. M. Long suggests, the great preacher was the means of the conversion of some hymn-writers who, after the passing of a century, are still shaping the destiny of human souls. Three years before Fawcett was converted, another young tradesman of London, Robert Robinson, a hair-dresser, was convicted of sin under the magic power of Whitfield, and many

years later, and when in the golden days of his Christian experience, he wrote the popular hymn,

> Come Thou Fount of every blessing,
> **Tune my heart to sing Thy praise.**

Fawcett belonged to the Methodist Society for three years after his conversion, and then joined the Baptist Church at Bradford. Soon after the close of his apprenticeship he began to study for the ministry, and in due time was ordained pastor of the small Church at Wainsgate, and remained there until within a few months of his death, which occurred in 1817.

In 1772 Fawcett was invited to London to preach in the pulpit made vacant by the death of the distinguished Dr. Gill. He made such a striking impression on the congregation that he received a call to the pastorate of the Church, which, without much delay, he decided to accept. Fawcett was no dreamer when he saw in the London Church a release from pinching poverty at Wainsgate, and a larger opportunity for his expanding capabilities. And so his farewell sermon was preached to his poor people, and his furniture and library were packed ready for removal to London.

Neither Fawcett's Life and Letters, nor his Miscellaneous Writings, nor any of his published sermons, tell us how Blest be The Tie that Binds caught its inspiration. But the story has been current for at least a century that the people to whom

his life had been a constant benediction, gathered about him, and in anguish of soul besought him not to leave them. The agony of separation was almost heart-breaking. Mrs. Fawcett, when sitting on one of the packing cases, was surrounded by women and children pleading for her to remain. Overcome by tears of love, she exclaimed: "John, I know not how to leave this people." And John Fawcett well nigh immortalized his name in the answer: "Neither can I leave them; we will stay here and serve the Lord lovingly together."

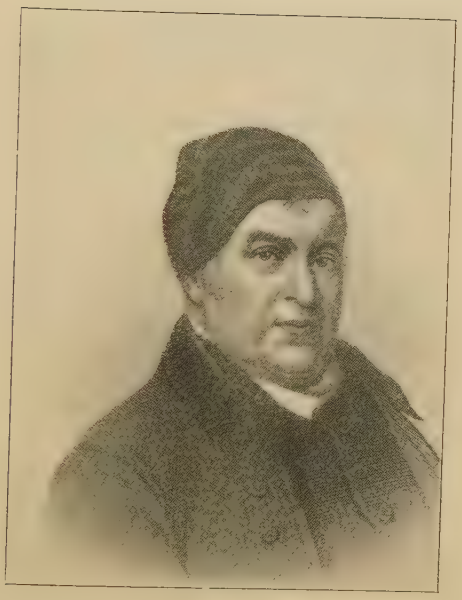
The voice of human love never won a grander victory. Tradition says that within a week after this pathetic scene there came from the heart of Fawcett a hymn to commemorate his sacred pledge to the poor people at Wainsgate:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.



JOHN FAWCETT.

This glorious hope revives
  Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
  And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain
  And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
  Through all eternity.

While direct evidence fails to give the circumstance in which the hymn was written, "internal evidence in the hymn itself," gives assurance that the popular account given above is founded upon fact.

Fawcett's life was one of suffering, "yet of incessant useful activity." Humility and self-sacrifice were the distinguishing traits of his noble character. His works were many and various. In 1788 he published a little volume on Anger, a copy of which was presented to George III. The King was so much pleased with it, says one writer, that he offered to confer upon Fawcett any favor he might desire, but the royal munificence was gratefully declined. Some time afterwards, however, the son of one of his most intimate friends committed forgery, and was sentenced to be hanged, at that time death being the penalty for the crime. Fawcett interceded on his friend's behalf, and the King remembering his former promise, granted a pardon.

Dr. Fawcett wrote many hymns, but only a few of them are in common use. His fame rests almost wholly upon one hymn. Dr. Julian says the evidence is quite clear that Fawcett wrote the beau-

tiful hymn, Lord, Dismiss us with Thy Blessing, which is some times credited to Walter Sherley.

The use of Blest be The Tie that Binds, is very great. When judged from the number of hymnals in which it is found in England and America, and the frequency with which it is sung, it is appropriately grouped with the world's best hymns.

In the great International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at Stockholm, Sweden in August, 1888, hundreds of delegates from all civilized lands were in attendance. One of the most refreshing scenes connected with the Convention was when the closing hymn was sung on Sunday evening. The great audience, speaking many tongues, but inspired by the same spirit, joined hands and with wonderful unction and devoutness sang,

> Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love.

It is related that when Mr. Coffin, a missionary at Aintab, in Armenia, set out in 1860 to explore the Taurus Mountains he was to penetrate an entirely new and dangerous field. This fact was fully realized by the inhabitants of Aintab, and they gathered to the number of fifteen hundred at the roadsides, and bade farewell to the missionary and his family in the Armenian words of this hymn.

It was a red-letter day for the Presbyterians of the United States when the Old and New School

divisions of the Church perfected a reunion. The event took place at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in November, 1869. The service was of unusual interest and impressiveness; and when the reunion was accomplished and the last address was made, "amid flowing tears and with swelling hearts," the great congregation joined in singing the precious hymn,

> Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love;
> The fellowship of kindred minds
> Is like to that above.

At the World's Christian Endeavor Convention in London, in July, 1900, enthusiasm reached the highest pitch when Secretary Baer spoke of "the Christian Anglo-Saxon alliance already formed between young America and young Britain, by the members of these more than fifty thousand societies of Christian Endeavor." Just then the following thrilling incident occurred: "The whole assembly, in sight of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, sang successively, America, God Save the Queen, and Blest be The Tie that Binds. Later, at Windsor, the delegates were given an audience by the Queen, who appeared in the quadrangle opposite her oak dining-room. She was dressed in white, leaning on the arm of her Indian attendant and accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg. Her Majesty, who 'just looked beautiful' to the Endeavorers, remained while the delegates sang once and

again, God Save the Queen, and Blest be The Tie that Binds."

Nothing less than the supreme gift of John Fawcett's daily life and practice, and the binding of his affection with "a cord of love of heaven's own weaving," to the poor people who yearned for his companionship and sympathy, could have given the Church the most beautiful and enduring of all hymns in the language expressive of Christian fellowship and mutual love.

Dennis, the popular tune to which Dr. Fawcett's hymn is almost universally sung, was composed by Johann Georg Nageli, once a music publisher in Zurich. Just when the tune was composed cannot be ascertained. The composer was born in Zurich in 1768, and died there in 1836. Dennis is probably one hundred years old, and is good enough to last several centuries more.

XIII.

Rock of Ages.

T is safe to say that no other hymn has swept the chords of the human heart with a sweeter or a more hallowed touch than Rock of Ages. In spite of its confusion of thought and incongruity of figures, with which some critics have found much fault, it remains one of the most popular and helpful of all the great hymns of the Church.

Augustus Montague Toplady was born at Farnham, England, in November, 1740. A few months after his birth, his father, Richard Toplady, a major in the British army, died at the siege of Cartagena, not in Spain, as some suppose, but in the seaport city of that name, the capital of Colombia, on the northern coast of South America. The fatherless boy grew to manhood under the care of his pious mother; and when he was sixteen years old she took him to Codymain, Ireland, on a visit to friends, and while there he was attracted to a religious service held in a barn, and under the sermon preached by James Morris, a disciple of the Wesleys, young Toplady was converted. In later years in speaking of this supreme event of his life, he said: "Strange that I who had so long sat under the means of grace in England should be brought nigh unto God in an

obscure part of Ireland, midst a handful of people met together in a barn, and by the ministry of one who could hardly spell his own name. Surely it was the Lord's doing and is marvelous."

Soon after his conversion Toplady entered Trinity College, Dublin, from which he was graduated. It seems that he joined the Wesleys for some three years, when his Arminian prejudices received "an effectual shock," and from that time to the end of his life he was an ardent Calvinist. At the age of twenty-two he was ordained deacon and licensed to the curacy of Blagdon. Two years later he was made priest, and curate of Farleigh, and in 1768 was appointed to Broad Hembury.

Toplady was a man of genuine sincerity and splendid enthusiasm. When he was ordained deacon he subscribed to the articles and liturgy five separate times when once was all that was required. In explaining this peculiar act he said he did not believe the articles and liturgy because he had subscribed to them, but subscribed to them because he believed them.

Toplady's zeal and enthusiasm were too intense to be long maintained by his limited physical power. He was never a strong man, and soon after settling at Broad Hembury his health began to fail. Hoping that a drier atmosphere might be helpful, he went to London in 1775, and preached occasionally in a French Calvinistic Church. But the seeds of consumption had been too deeply sown, and his light

frame rapidly wasted away. His physical energies were destroyed "by the fiery ardor of soul that overtaxed them." His mental powers were marvelous "but his body was as brittle as glass." The development of a mind so active and strong in a body so frail was like the growth of an oak in a vase.

During the waste of that disease which medicine does not cure, and which makes the struggle between soul and body so gradual and solemn and the results so certain, Toplady wrote his immortal hymn. Probably no other condition of mind and body than that through which he passed in the last two years of his life, could have produced a hymn-prayer so full of soul-feeling as Rock of Ages.

In the Yosemite Valley is a bird that builds its nest high upon the barren and sun-beaten ledges of the cliffs. In the midst of this desolation it keeps its nest beautiful and fresh with water which it carries on its wings from the lakes. The bird rarely ever sings a song in summer time, but when winter brings storms of snow, and fierce winds beat against the white domes of the mountain peaks, the bird flies through the valley caroling the most charming of all bird-songs which cheers the hearts of the lonely inhabitants, and makes even the cliffs themselves rejoice.

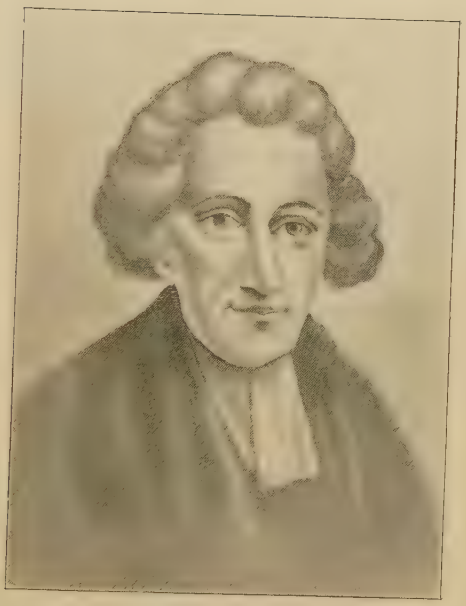
The lesson we learn from the water-bird is that the hymns which stir our souls the most, and bring us hope and consolation, have been born in the winter of human life. And the lesson is also suggestive

of this thought: As the photographer's loveliest pictures are made when the light of day is shut out, so the songs which are sweetest and tenderest and are most deeply wrought in the heart of the Church, have first been sung on the trembling lips of grief—in moments when the noon of a bright life has been overshadowed by sorrow.

The first trace we have of the sentiment of Rock of Ages in poetic form, is in The Gospel Magazine for October, 1775—a London publication—for which Toplady wrote an article on "Life a Journey." Appealing to his readers for a stronger faith, he said: "Yet, if you fall, be humbled; but do not despair. Pray afresh to God, who is able to raise you up and set you on your feet again. Look to the blood of the covenant, and say to the Lord, from the depth of your heart,

> **Rock of Ages, cleft for me,**
> **Let me hide myself in Thee!**
> **Foul, I to the fountain fly;**
> **Wash me, Savior, or I die.**

In the March number of the same Magazine—1776—Toplady showed by numerical calculations, "that the number of man's sins was exceedingly great, and hence the unspeakable value of Christ's atonement." He clinched his argument with the hymn entitled A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World:



AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar to worlds unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Some authorities believe that the immediate purpose of this hymn was to protest against the doctrine of entire sanctification as Toplady understood it to be taught by the Wesleys. But it should be stated in justice to John Wesley that he was as free from the "heresy" with which he was charged by Toplady as was Toplady himself; and no believer in the world could sing Rock of Ages with a more reverent feeling than the great preacher of righteousness

against whom the singer of this imperishable hymn hurled his unpardonable invectives, in that bitter theological controversy which illustrated the amazing imperfections of two consecrated men, whose lives and works have an enduring hold on the affections of the Christian Church.

The cherished hope of Toplady was not realized in his removal to London. "His mind was always too active for his physical strength; the engine was too powerful for the ship; the sword was too sharp for the scabbard." Disease carried on its deadly work; and "the mortal part, day by day and grain by grain wasted away," and two years after his priceless hymn was written he entered the life full of glory at the age of thirty-eight years. His dying prayer in verse will ever stand as a memorial of the impressive fact that when Calvinists or Arminians are inspired to write hymns of devotion it is impossible to tell which is Calvinist or which Arminian, for the voices of Christians of all names blend in the grand chorus sung to the Lamb that was slain, and all breathe the same prayer that they may hide in the same Rock of Ages.

The text of the hymn used in this sketch is Toplady's own, made a few months after the original appeared in The Gospel Magazine. Perhaps no other hymn in our language has been subjected to more attacks by hymn-mutilators than Rock of Ages. A rearrangement of the lines was made by Thomas Cotterill of England in 1815, the text being reduced

to three stanzas, and this compacted form has become popular with many people as it is considered smoother and "less rugged in its theology" than the original:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

The text of the hymn as revised by Toplady—with two or three minor exceptions—is found in almost all hymnals of Great Britain; and it was this text that Gladstone recognized when he made his famous Latin, Greek, and Italian translations. But in America, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the various bodies of Methodism, have adopted the Cotterill arrangement in three stanzas; while, as a rule, other communions use the four-stanza text as given in this chapter. There is hardly any doubt that a large majority of English-speaking Christians

wish that the hymn might stand as it came from the heart-experience of the dying Toplady, as the so-called "incongruous metaphors" are insignificant compared with the spiritual conditions they typify.

I think it was in 1898 that Sir William Henry Wallis, a member of the British Parliament, made public an incident which, he seems to believe, first inspired Rock of Ages. He associates the symbolism of the hymn with a rocky gorge in Blagdon parish, Toplady's first curacy. The latter was walking by Burrington Coombe, and being over-taken by a storm, he took refuge between two immense piers of stone which were a part of a range of hills, and while waiting for the storm to cease he wrote the entire hymn! But as this account of the origin of Rock of Ages seems to have been concealed from historians of the hymn for more than a century, one can hardly be misled in presuming that Sir William's gorge at Burrington Coombe is not the "cleft" that suggested the central idea of the hymn.

No physical condition like a thunder storm could have produced Rock of Ages. A hymn of such heart-touching power could not come of any common-place event. It was the still small voice whispering holy peace to Toplady's troubled mind that inspired him to breathe in verse a prayer that has become a sacred treasure to the Churches of Christendom.

Rock of Ages has been wonderfully helpful in many supreme moments. On Wednesday, April

nineteenth, 1858, when that brilliant young Episcopal clergyman, Dudley Atkins Tyng of Philadelphia, lay dying of an injury he received on that day, he said to his distinguished father; "Sing, father, can't you sing?" Though struggling with the stress of pain and faint from the loss of blood, he could hardly wait for his father to respond, and began himself to sing,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

But only a few lines had been sung when his voice ceased, and one more saint was numbered "with the saints in glory everlasting."

The death of Major General James E. B. Stuart, the noted cavalryman of the Confederate army, was one of the most heroic and pathetic to be found among the brave men who fell in the great conflict between the States. During the battle of the Wilderness, Stuart was hard pressed by General Sheridan's cavalry, and on the twelfth of May, 1864, while leading his men in a charge against the enemy at Yellow Tavern, a few miles north of Richmond, he received a mortal wound. He was placed in an ambulance and when being taken off the field he saw the retreat of his disorganized command, and raising his voice to the highest pitch possible, he shouted: "Go back, men, go back, and do your duty as I have done mine, and our country will be safe. I had rather die than be whipped." He was taken to a hospital in Richmond where he met his old

friend, the Rev. Mr. Peterkin, rector of the Episcopal Church of which the General was a devout member. In the course of the day he requested the rector to sing the hymn which had always given him so much comfort,

> **Rock of Ages, cleft for me.**
> **Let me hide myself in Thee.**

The General joined in the hymn as best his condition would permit, and a few minutes later he said to Mr. Peterkin, "I feel as if I am going fast; I am ready; God's will be done." And the prayer of the hymn he loved so much, was answered.

When the fiftieth year of the reign of Victoria was celebrated in London in June, 1887, representatives from the principal governments of the world conveyed messages of love and good will to the gracious Queen. In the embassy dispatched by Queen Ranavalona III., of Madagascar, was a Hova, a prominent and influential member of the dominant tribe of that name. He was a venerable, intelligent, devout man, and after tendering the well-wishes of his people to the English authorities, and relating a few interesting incidents of his long voyage, he suggested that if there was no objection he should be glad to sing for them. It was hardly any wonder that his select auditors expected a song from the Hova which would be peculiar to his tribe, "something heathenish, national, or convivial," but to the astonishment

of all present, he began to sing in a thin, but sweet tenor voice,

> **Rock of Ages, cleft for me,**
> **Let me hide myself in Thee.**

The Rev. Duncan Morrison of Owen Sound, Canada, says: "There was profound, awkward silence which was difficult to break, for many were affected to tears in seeing the coming back of seed sown on the waters in missionary faith and zeal. All were taken by surprise, little expecting to hear from the lips of the Hova on this grand occasion the sweetest of all the songs of Zion. The venerable man took delight in telling his hearers that this one song had been very close to his heart and had enabled him to while away many a weary hour in his pilgrimage through life."

I read an interesting incident a few months ago to the effect that in March, 1899, the city Council of Chattanooga, Tennessee, enacted an ordinance compelling all saloons to close from ten o'clock at night to five o'clock in the morning. The saloon-keepers made a strong effort to secure an amendment to the ordinance making midnight the closing hour. A mass-meeting of prominent women was held in a public hall to protest against the changing of the law, and a force of some two hundred marched to the chamber where the Council was about to meet; and while the aldermen were assembling the good women sang in a strong chorus two or three

well-known hymns, and one writer in describing the event said the hymn that seemed to make the greater impression on the members of the Council was Rock of Ages. It saved the law.

It is an old story, but one that will bear re-telling, that some years ago Mrs. Lucy Bainbridge made a tour of the world for the purpose of studying the condition of Christian missions. Upon her return home she gave a pathetic circumstance relative to the use of this hymn. The Chinese women, being anxious to "make merit" for themselves, will perform the most prodigious labor to escape the painful transmigration of the next life. Mrs. Bainbridge says "they dread to be born again as dogs or cats, and their highest hope is to be re-born as men." She met one woman who had dug a well twenty-five feet deep and fifteen feet in diameter, and every foot of it was excavated with her own weak hands before she had received any gospel teaching from the missionaries. She was eighty years old when Mrs. Bainbridge approached her for the first time. The old woman, bent with age and hardship, stretched out her crippled hands to greet her visitor, and began to sing in a strangely sympathetic voice,

> **Nothing in my hands I bring,**
> Simply to Thy cross I cling.

The hymn has led many artists to put on canvas their conception of Rock of Ages, and two of the pictures are well known in the United States. In

one we see a person clinging with both hands to a cross on a rock in the stormy sea. It is a beautiful piece of art, and forcibly expresses the solemn sentiment of Toplady's prayer. The other, to use the words of Peloubet, is the same idea with the exception that while with one hand the saved person is clinging to the cross, with the other she is reaching out and drawing another drowning one from the raging waves to the safety of the cross on the rock; and this would seem to be the ideal picture.

Some one has said that song is the frailest thread of which fame was ever spun. But history tells us that among the benefactors of mankind none are surer of lasting fame than the consecrated men and women whose soul-songs have become the songs of the ages. Three thousand years ago it was written, "The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended." "But they are not ended, and will never end." We do not think of David as a statesman or warrior, but as the unchallenged king of Psalmody. Song is the thread of which his fame and glory are spun. The sweet strains of this matchless singer of Israel will roll on and on, and will inspire the hearts of men till the dawn of the "Eternal Morning."

And thus it will be with Toplady. All his other writings are now forgotten, "but his name survives secure of immortality in his one hymn, Rock of Ages."

XIV.

How Firm a Foundation.

A LITTLE over one hundred years ago Dr. Rippon of London, edited a small volume bearing the title, Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors; and in the collection was one entitled, Fear Not. There are two or three arrangements of the hymn, but the one in popular use in the United States is as follows:

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand;
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

Hymnologists are at sea in the effort to discover the author of this composition. When it was published in 1787, the only designation of authorship was the attachment of the letter K, but a century of investigation does not give us the signification of that letter. Thomas Kirkham, Caroline Keene, William Kingsbury, and George Keith, are said to have written the hymn. The latter was a Baptist layman, a London book publisher, and was son-in-law to Dr. Rippon, and some authorities ascribe the authorship to him.

It is quite safe to say that many thousands of ministers in this country and Great Britain will indorse the opinion of the Rev. William Hayes Ward, editor of The Independent, that as an expression of Christian loyalty and faith, How Firm a Foundation can hardly fall behind such notable hymns as, I Love thy Kingdom, Lord; and, Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

The hymn stands with many others which have incidents of tender or inspiring character associated with their use. The Rev. James Gallaher, a Western pioneer preacher, paid a visit to former President Jackson at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee, in 1843, two years before the death of the hero of New Orleans. It was after retiring from the Presidency that the General became a devout com-

municant of the Presbyterian Church. He was in sweet old age when Mr. Gallaher met him, and the following interesting incident is associated with that visit:

During the conversation General Jackson turned and said: "There is a beautiful hymn on the subject of the exceeding great and precious promises of God to His people. It was a favorite hymn with my dear wife till the day of her death. It begins thus: 'How Firm a Foundation, ye Saints of the Lord.' I wish you would sing it now." So the little company sang the entire seven stanzas; and the heart of the old hero was warmed, and his faith and hope were strengthened, by the rich promises contained in the hymn his wife so much loved.

In Frances E. Willard's Glimpses of Fifty Years, she makes this reference to the hymn: "Mother says that at family prayers in her home they were wont to sing together, How Firm a Foundation; and her parents used to say it would never wear out, because it was so full of Scripture. When mother came back to us after being confined to her room six weeks, we sang that hymn for her, and she broke in at the verse about 'hoary hairs' and said: 'How I enjoyed that for my old grandmother who lived to be ninety-seven, and I enjoyed it for my dear father who was eighty-six when he passed away; and now my daughter enjoys it for me, who am eighty-four, and perhaps she will live on to be as old as I, when I feel

sure she will have friends who will enjoy it just as tenderly for her.'"

Some years since, a small company met for worship in a village located in central Kansas—a region that had been almost desolated by the failure of the crops. The people having lost heart because of blighted fields, the pastor related a touching story in the life of Miss Fidelia Fisk of Shelbourne, Massachusetts, who had been a missionary in Persia for fifteen years, and died in 1864. He said: "When she was in the Nestorian mission, in feeble health and much discouraged, she sat on her mat on the chapel floor one warm, uncomfortable Sunday afternoon, without support for her weary head or aching back. The woes of life and her lonely position pressed upon her like a raging flood, and she was ready to sink beneath the waves, when a woman came and sat down on the edge of the mat at her back and whispered to her, 'Lean on me.' Miss Fisk scarcely heeded the request, and still longed for support to help her bear the discomfort she endured till the close of worship. Presently the words were repeated, 'Lean on me.' Then she divided the weight with the gentle pleader, but it did not satisfy. In earnest, almost reproachful tones, the voice again urged, 'If you love me, lean hard.'"

When the minister concluded his pathetic reference to Miss Fisk's sufferings, he sat down to let the people make the application. Presently some

one whose heart was tuned for the occasion, began in a quavering, but an earnest tone, to sing,

> The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
> I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
> That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
> I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

One after another took up the song till the walls of the little room rang with the melody. "And then with tear-dimmed eyes they clasped each other's hands, and separated to their homes, feeling sure that the promises which beautify and strengthen the hymn, would carry them through."

The tune to which this noble lyric is set is the work of Marcus Antonio Portugal, a dramatic composer. During the French invasion of Portugal which began in 1807, he fled with the royal family to Brazil in 1811, and was made musical general to the Court at Rio de Janeiro. In one of his compositions was a Midnight Mass, from which the tune, now universally sung to this hymn, was taken. "The Mass used to be sung to the words of a Christmas carol, in the procession of priests and nuns on their way from their houses to the church on Christmas morning. Thus, Romanism and Protestantism, Portugal and England, have been laid under tribute to produce this grand old hymn."

XV.

Coronation.

EVERY great song has its reason for being. Unless it is needed it does not come. It never appears by chance. For every trying crisis in the world's history, for every pressing need of the Church, for every soul-experience of man, a song or hymn has been born.

During the last half of the eighteenth century the flood-tide of sacred song reached a height that is not surpassed by any other period in the history of the English-speaking Church. Almost every conceivable theme found expression in hymns. Several thousands were written in the time of that historic religious movement; but until 1779 there was no inspiriting hymn in the language invoking angels and patriarchs, martyrs and prophets, Jews and Gentiles, saints and sinners, and every kindred and tribe of all nations, to join in the solemn yet triumphant act, of crowning Jesus Lord of all. But from the beginning of time, it is said, God has raised up a man for every great occasion.

Edward Perronet is a name that is almost lost to the lovers of the Church hymnal. He wrote one of the ten hymns which stand at the head of all hymns in the English language; but while Christendom admires the song, the singer is wellnigh forgot-

ten. He was a disciple of the Wesleys for several years, but his theological opinions were so greatly at variance with them that he became a preacher in the Countess of Huntingdon's denomination. But Perronet was an extreme Noncomformist, and was ever restless, and eventually he accepted the pastorate of a small congregation at Canterbury, fifty-three miles nearly southeast from London. He had "such exalted and adoring views of the Lord Jesus, and so completely enthroned Him in his thoughts and affections," that in 1779, while ministering to that little company of modest Dissenters, the language of his soul was uttered in this regal hymn, its original form being as follows:

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all!

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

This is the monarch of all Coronation Songs. It has undergone several changes in its history; the last stanza now in popular use—O that with yonder sacred throng, being written by Dr. Rippon of London, in 1787.

Perronet belongs to that class of poets, which has become quite large, whose fame is established upon one song only. He wrote a number of hymns but was inspired only once to put his heart-sentiment into verse, and Coronation is the single hymn that found its way to a Church hymnal.

The music to which the hymn was first sung by Perronet's small congregation was Miles Lane, a tune of splendid strains, composed by William Shrubsole of London, in 1780. In the United States, and at American missions in foreign lands, Coronation—no less majestic than Miles Lane—is always associated

with the hymn. It was composed in 1792, the year of Perronet's death, by Oliver Holden, who lived at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and for many years was a house-carpenter. While still engaged at his trade he published his first book of sacred music—The American Harmony—in 1793, and in the collection was his masterpiece—Coronation. In Boston, among some precious relics of olden times is a quaint organ, made in London nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. It was owned by Holden, and that little instrument preceded any human voice in singing the animating strains of Coronation. Commenting upon the hymn and its music, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth says: "Perronet's words are wonderfully exalting, but they would have been almost wingless without the tune, which has been as a flame of fire to untold millions of aspiring souls in all lands for many years."

Mr. Holden was born at Shirley, Massachusetts, in 1765, and died at Charlestown in 1844. It will interest the reader to learn that in 1895, friends of the Unitarian denomination at Shirley, wishing "to hold in ever green memory" the name of the composer of Coronation, placed a tablet in their Church with his name and birth, and a quotation from the hymn inscribed upon it. Holden was a Baptist, but the Unitarian spirit to honor one who gave the Christian Church such a triumphant tune as Coronation, over-leaped all sectarian differences.

A story that illustrates the influence of Coronation was told several years since by Mr. William Reynolds of Peoria, Illinois, a gentleman of wide reputation as a successful Sunday School organizer. His friend, the Rev. E. P. Scott, was a missionary in India for many years, and once attempted to carry the gospel to one of the dangerous inland tribes with whose language he was somewhat familiar. When he reached the camp of the savages he was met by a dozen spears, and instant death seemed inevitable. While they paused for a moment he drew out his violin with which he always accompanied his songs, and closing his eyes he began to play Coronation and sing a translation of the hymn which the tribe could understand. "When he had finished he opened his eyes to witness, as he thought, his own death at the point of their spears; but to his joy he found that the spears had fallen and the murderers were all in tears. This song saved him from death, and opened an effectual door for the preaching of the gospel to the tribe."

The use of Coronation is universal. It is found in all evangelical hymn-books and has been translated into all modern languages. It has been the song of praise on countless occasions when the spirit moved great assemblages to express gratitude and adoration in jubilant song. In the largeness of its use in connection with important events, and chiefly at notable union gatherings of religious bodies, it is surpassed only by Bishop Ken's immortal Doxology.

The late Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood of London once visited an old German church to hear the organ respond to the genius that played upon it. He tells how the instrument soon began its wonderful work of sound. "How those strange sounds throbbed against the pillars and shook them, and rumbled along beneath the feet, and traveled thrillingly overhead among the arches! The reader knows what an organ can do; how it can sigh, and shout, and storm and rage; how it can madden and how it can soothe. Then it began to utter some marvelous delirium of music, and impose on the imagination the scenery of a wild tempest, a storm of nature among the valleys and mountains. The blasts of the tempest and the bolts of the thunder were like giants striving together in night and solitude. And in all of it there seemed to be a human voice. Amid the hurricane on the organ it rose so clear, so calm, so ineffably restful and light, so high over the surges and the wailings of the rain, the thunder, and the wind.

"What was it? It was the vox humana stop, that wondrous simulation, the human voice stop, the mightiest marvel of all the artifices of music. The storm continued, but still it sang on, and rose on the wings of light and sound over all the hurricanes that hurried from the pipes and keys."

Thus it is ever with God's inspired writers of songs for the Sanctuary. It is the divine human voice that makes all the great heart-hymns. A mere

hymn-tune composer this country has ever produced.

In interpreting the first two lines of the second stanza, Heber wrote the following when on a voyage to India in 1823: "Though we were now too far off Ceylon to catch the odors of the land, yet it is, we are assured, perfectly true that such odors are perceptible to a very considerable distance. In the Straits of Malacca a smell like that of a hawthorn hedge is commonly experienced; and from Ceylon, at thirty or forty miles, under certain circumstances, a yet more agreeable scent is inhaled."

The universality of this hymn is finely illustrated in an incident associated with the great revival in Philadelphia in 1858. The North Carolina, a frigate in the United States Navy, was at the navy yard in the spring of that year. Among the sailors on board were several who had just passed through striking spiritual experiences, and when an account had been taken of the different nationalities on the frigate, it was found that there were representatives from ten countries; and a sailor having said that he was born in Greenland, the hymn, From Greenland's icy Mountains, was started spontaneously, and all joined with full hearts and strong voices in singing it to the end.

This is the most animating and thoroughly missionary hymn ever written. In English-speaking Protestant Churches, imbued with a lively missionary spirit, its wide popularity and comprehensive use do

not diminish in the least. Some writers venture to say that the hymn has done as much to spread Christianity in heathen countries as all the sermons ever preached on the subject of missions. This may be an exaggerated estimate of the influence of the hymn; but it is not unlikely that it has done more than any other hymn of its class to inspire and strengthen the Churches in their efforts to propagate the Christian religion among the heathens of many lands.

Bishop Heber was born in 1783 in Cheshire, England. When only twenty years old he took the University prize by his poem, Palestine, which was considered the best Oxford poem of the century. He read it in Convocation Hall at the Annual Commencement, and was received with an outburst of applause "as probably never before greeted an Oxford student." In describing the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, he used these striking lines which are so often quoted:

> No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung,
> Majestic silence!

After the reading of the poem, young Heber's parents, elated over his unparalleled success, began to look for him that they might shower upon him their infinite congratulations. But he could not be found. It was only after a long search that he was discovered in his sleeping-room on his knees, "breathing out his soul in gratitude and prayer."

Heber was Rector of Hodnet sixteen years, where,

it is supposed, he wrote all his hymns. In 1823 he was made Bishop of Calcutta, and early one morning in April, 1826, after confirming a large class of natives, he took a cold bath which resulted in instant death.

Bishop Heber's lines beginning, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, compose the most majestic anthem on the Trinity to be found in the hymnology of any Church. A loftier expression of devout adoration has never been produced in verse. The personal history of the hymn will never be known. It was found among his posthumous hymns, and was first published in 1827. Tennyson pronounced it the finest hymn ever written in any language.

The hymn has been rendered all the more popular by being inseparably associated with Nicea, the splendid composition of Dr. John Bacchus Dykes. The tune was happily named, and has such a stately dignity as to give the hymn "a matchless glory all over the world." The music acquired its name from Nicea, in Asia Minor, where the first Christian Ecumenical Council was held in A. D., 325. It was at this Council that the Eternal Sonship of Christ, and His equality with the Father, were established as the creed of the Church. Dr. Dykes reached the zenith of his musical genius in composing Nicea for the greatest hymn on the Trinity that man has ever been inspired to write.

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XVII.

Sun of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.

N the world of hymns John Keble is a great name. Considered from the viewpoint of numbers, he does not fill a large place in the hymnals of American Churches; but taking quality into account he has greatly enriched our Church hymnody. He is the author of one hymn that carries his name into all English-speaking lands. By its magic charm and fine poetic merit it has wrought itself imperishably into the affections of Christian worshipers in the United States; and in this chapter I will make special note of the holy influence of the hymn.

Keble was born in 1792, at Fairford, Gloucestershire, England. He was educated at Oxford where his University career was exceptionally brilliant. In 1816 he was ordained priest, and in 1831 was elected professor of Poetry in Oxford University. After his father died he accepted the vicarage of Hursley, Hampshire, and here he remained from 1835 to the year of his death—1866.

Some years before going to Hursley Keble began work on The Christian Year, the most successful volume of sacred poems ever written in any language. His purpose was to make it a poetical companion to the Book of Common Prayer. He was a shy, unambitious man; and yet he was the prime factor in the

great religious movement of his time. His innate modesty led him to express the sincere wish that the book might not be published until after his death; but in deference to the desire of his intimate friends he consented, though with much diffidence, to its immediate publication if done anonymously, and in 1827 the first edition was issued.

Keble built better than he knew. He was the only man, so it is said, that depreciated the book, and except when engaged on the work of revision, he seldom read it. But he lived to see The Christian Year pass through ninety-six editions; and up to 1890 nearly half a million copies had been sold.

Critics tell us that there are some weak poems in the book, but that does not excite wonder. No poet ever lived that was at his best all the time. A greater number of Keble's verses have a genuine ring of inspiration, and from such have his hymns been taken. Wherever the English religion spreads, the little volume of Keble's has been found. On a Sunday in the desert of Mount Sinai, where books would naturally be the fewest, four travelers met, and three of them had The Christian Year. During the Crimean war the English hospitals received a whole cargo of the book, the gift of the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers.

In The Christian Year is a lovely poem of fourteen stanzas, for evening voices, that begins with these lines,

'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze.

It was from this poem that Keble's most famous hymn was taken:

Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Savior's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take.
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

There cannot be found in English or American hymnody a hymn that glows with more spiritual beauty than this. Its use comes as near being uni-

versal as that of any other hymn that can be named. The spirit of the lines comes home to so many hearts that they are found in almost every hymn-book in this country and Great Britain. The popular tune Hursley, named after Keble's first vicarage, was arranged by William Henry Monk from a German-Swiss melody by Peter Ritter, at one time chapel master to the Grand Duke of Baden, and to this happy setting the hymn is invariably sung.

A few years ago the Rev. Duncan Morrison—mentioned in a previous chapter—received a letter from a friend engaged in mission work among the Cree Indians in the Northwest Territory, in which he said that Keble's hymn had been rendered into their vernacular; and that it proved extremely popular, and was greatly helpful in missionary effort. In 1886 a deputation of that portion of the tribe under the instruction of the Presbyterian Church in the Territory, waited upon the Synod of Manitoba to press their claims upon the Church. There were no orators in the deputation, but there were some good voices that sweetly melted into the tender melody of Keble's Sun of my Soul, and the hymn, though sung in the language of the Crees, made a deeper impression upon the Synod than any other words they could use.

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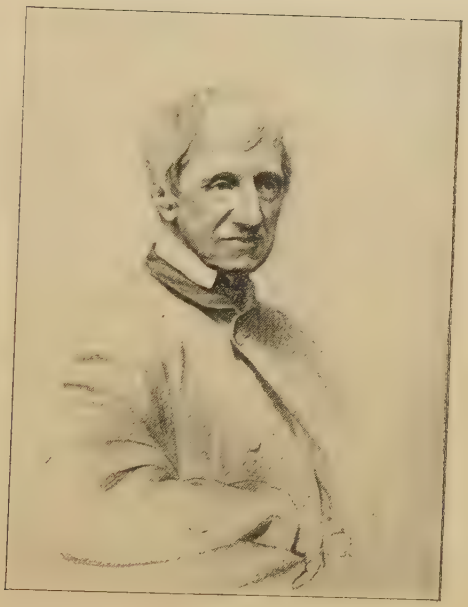


JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Newman and his friends into hot controversy, and when the Church authorities requested him to retract, he refused, "but consented to stop its circulation." Four years after the Tract was published he reached the goal—the Roman Church—to which he was driven, so friendly critics say, "by the narrowness of English Churchmen."

In 1848 Newman was appointed Father Superior of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Birmingham. Two parties existed within the Roman Catholic Church in England—the Ultramontanes, holding extreme views in favoring the Pope's supremacy, led by Archbishop Manning; and the Moderates, who followed Newman. When Leo XIII. was elected in 1878, he changed the policy of the Church, and to show his sympathy with the Moderates he made Newman a Cardinal the next year.

Cardinal Newman was one of the most powerful preachers of his time. His beautiful English, his musical voice and penetrating words, his inexhaustible illustrations, and his sincere purpose to speak to men about their temptations and experiences, made an enduring impression upon all who heard him. But one authority says: "It is strange to tell that this preacher, to whose power so many testify, was seldom heard in public after he became a Roman Catholic."

Twelve years before Newman's departure for Romanism, and while yet a young man, he wrote one noble hymn:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

He began a Mediterranean tour in the fall of 1832 in the hope of restoring his health. On this tour he visited Rome and spent much time in Catholic Churches. When on the homeward journey the following year he became "soul-sick," and passed through a strange experience; and while in that state of mind and heart he wrote Lead, kindly Light, on the sixteenth of June, 1833. His own account of how the hymn was written possesses special autobiographic interest:

"I went down at once to Sicily, and fell ill of a fever. My servant thought I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them, as he wished, but said, 'I shall not die.' I repeated, 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not

sinned against light.' I never have been able to make out at all what I meant. I was laid up for nearly three weeks. Towards the end of May I set off for Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting from my inn in the morning, I sat down on my bed and began to sob bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, 'I have a work to do in England.' I was aching to get home, yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience. At last I got off in an orange-boat bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was I wrote the lines 'Lead, kindly Light,' which have since become well known."

Christians of all denominations and of every grade of culture feel the charm of Newman's hymn, and find in it "a language for some of the deepest yearnings of the soul."

Whatever view the reader may hold as to Newman's state of mind in 1833 regarding the Roman Church, I believe he will be interested in the following comments on Lead, kindly Light, by the Rev. Thomas Vincent Tymms, a Baptist minister of London: "To myriads the hymn is a source of painful perplexity. All thoughtful Protestants have asked: 'How could one who thus sought the leading of God's light come at last to a Cardinal's chair?' Roman Catholics, of course, are not troubled by any such

question. They say with exultation, 'observe how beautifully this prayer has been answered!'

"This hymn was the plaintive cry of a human spirit wandering, as Newman truly felt, far from home, among wild wastes of heretical and self-trustful thought, yet longing for such guidance and peace as Anglicanism was unable to afford. On the other hand, total disbelievers in a prayer-hearing God are not at all bewildered by Newman's subsequent history. Their view is that one who could resign himself to walk without a determined goal or path, and was content to go plunging on o'er crags and seas without looking two steps ahead, was sure to go deeper and deeper into the darkness; and was the most likely individual to sink at last into such a bog of superstition as the Roman Church.

"For the most of us, neither the Agnostic nor the Romanist view is satisfactory; each may be allowed to quicken thought and suggest inquiry, but the mystery remains. Only the great 'Father of Lights' can read all that passed through Newman's soul when this hymn gushed from his heart, but it is possible to clear away some of our perplexity by a closer study of his inner life. Such a study will show that when Newman wrote Lead, kindly Light, he was not, as multitudes suppose, a bewildered thinker, troubled by the deeper problems of spiritual religion, but had already abjured the right of private judgment, and was a Romanist in all but a few points on which he

inconsistently continued to hold independent opinions for about a dozen years.

"Nothing could more painfully, yet vividly, illustrate Newman's religious temper and convictions of duty than an incident which occurred immediately on his arrival in England from Rome. While the touching strains of Lead, kindly Light were being written, Francis William Newman was traveling home from Persia, where he had been working as a missionary, and whither he hoped to return with new colleagues. The two brothers reached their native land almost at the same hour. These two men, each loving the other, met—they met twice—and then by John's act and solely on account of religious differences, they parted to meet no more for many years. This was one of those painful sacrifices of personal feeling to which John Henry Newman was steeling his nature when he wrote Lead, kindly Light. It was one of those rough crags or brawling torrents he had nerved himself to cross.

"Before he wrote Lead, kindly Light, he had already done for his own mind what Romanists do for their Cathedrals when they almost exclude the light of day that their own tapers may shine with what seems a more religious light. * * * * * Francis William Newman virtually bids us be content with an eye; John Henry Newman bids us shut that eye and let the Church guide us as she will. But our wisdom is to say, Lead, kindly Light, and then to open wide our eyes, assured that in God's light we

shall see light, and our path will shine more and more clearly, o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, until we come through Death's shadow to the Perfect Day."

The meaning of the two closing lines of the hymn has kindled much discussion both in this country and in England; and in 1879 a friend of the Cardinal asked him for an interpretation, and received this note: "You flatter me by your questions, but I think it was Keble who, when asked it in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics or to give a sense to what they had written, and though I am not, like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to remember my own meaning—whatever it was—at the end of fifty years."

The Rev. L. G. Stevens, editor of Hymns and Carols, says: "The beautiful hymn, Lead, kindly Light, is of value to the Church for its poetry and its pathos. For times of depression and darkness come to nearly all of us, and this is just the cry which the heart bowed down would use at such times of anxious and sacred communion. The Church requires hymns as well as prayers for all sorts and conditions of men, and this is one of the good things Newman gave her, when, as Mr. Gladstone says, he stopped at the Church on his way from Clapham to Rome."

Once the Rev. George Huntington, Rector of Tenby, said to Cardinal Newman: "It must be a great pleasure to you to know that you have written a

hymn treasured wherever English-speaking Christians are to be found." The Cardinal was silent for a moment, and then answered with emotion: "Yes, deeply thankful, and more than thankful." Then after a pause he continued: "But you see it is not the hymn but the tune that has gained the popularity. The tune is by Dykes, and Dykes was a great master." It has been noted that while the hymn was inspired when the poet was becalmed on the still waters of the Mediterranean, the melody to which it is wedded, came from the heart of Dr. John Bacchus Dykes as he strolled through the Strand, one of the noisy, crowded thoroughfares of London.

The world-wide use of Lead, kindly Light, is illustrated in the fact that "when the Parliament of Religions met at Chicago during the Columbian Exposition, the representatives of every creed known to man found two things on which they were agreed. They could all join in the Lord's Prayer, and could all sing Lead, kindly Light."

Many persons have asked themselves this question: "If Newman could write one great hymn, why could he not have written more?" An answer is easily made. A really noble hymn like Lead, kindly Light, comes only by inspiration. It can never be produced at will. It is said that Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin "in a subconscious state." When her publishers would ask as to the time they might expect a new installment of copy,

she was accustomed to say, devoutly, "The Lord only knows; wait till I am inspired."

After 1833 Cardinal Newman seems never to have experienced that condition of mind and heart—otherwise known as divine afflatus—when he could write a hymn so full of beauty and pathos as

> **Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;**
> **Lead Thou me on.**

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

XIX.

Just As I Am.

UDGED by the largeness of its use and the important history it has made, no other hymn in the English tongue surpasses Charlotte Elliott's Just as I am, Without one Plea. Dwight L. Moody once expressed the opinion that during the past fifty years this hymn "has done the most good to the greatest number;" and he thought it had touched more hearts than any other hymn that could be named. Its extraordinary popularity, and its translation into almost every language in the civilized world, confirm the measure of influence the evangelist gives the hymn.

The life of Miss Elliott is full of peculiar interest. She was born at Clapham, England, in 1789. Reared in the Church of England, she grew to womanhood "surrounded by culture and refinement, and poetry and music." In 1821 a severe illness left her a permanent invalid. She first met the Rev. Dr. Caesar Malan, the distinguished preacher of Geneva, Switzerland, in 1822, on the occasion of his visit to the Elliott family at Clapham. He appreciated her talent and possibilities of great Christian service, and he induced her to abandon secular pursuits; and from that time her true apostleship began; and to her acquaintance with the Genevan divine

"is attributed much of the deep spiritual-mindedness which is so prominent in her hymns."

Miss Elliott is the author of about one hundred and twenty hymns, and a large proportion of them is still in use. Nearly all of them enshrine her spiritual experience in a marked degree. Her greatest hymn—great in poetic excellence, and greater yet in historic associations—is

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

The hymn was written in 1836, and was first published in The Christian Remembrancer without the name of Miss Elliott. Its merit quickly attracted public attention, and in a little while it found its way into newspapers, magazines, and various other publications. For many months it circulated anonymously all over Great Britain, carrying softening influence and sweet consolation into many homes. Shortly after its publication in The Remembrancer a philanthropic lady in England, admiring the beauty of the hymn and appreciating its spiritual value, caused it to be printed in leaflet form and distributed gratuitously in many towns and cities. At this time Miss Elliott was quite ill and had gone to Torquay for treatment. With a seeming increase of strength one day there came a momentary gleam of cheerfulness, and the physician took from his pocket-book one of these leaflets, and not knowing that his patient was the author of the lines he remarked that they had been helpful to him, and was pleased to believe that they would be a comfort to her. Miss Elliott took the leaflet, and when she saw the title a smile beamed on her pain-worn face, but as she read the lines,

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me;

great tears, more impressive than words, expressed her gratitude that the hymn, written in pain and in a spirit of deep humility, should be so largely blest to the glory of God.

Unfortunately, a story has been published in many Church papers, and has frequently been repeated from the pulpit, which associates this hymn with Miss Elliott's repentance after living a life of frivolity and ungodliness, prior to her acquaintance with Dr. Malan, in 1822. The hymn was written fourteen years after her so-called conversion, when she was forty-seven years old, and while she was passing through the "hot furnace of living pain."

It is said that in Germany there once stood two vast towers on the extremes of a castle; and that great wires were strung from one to the other, which formed an Aeolian harp. Ordinary winds produced no effect upon the mighty instrument; but when fierce storms and wild tempests came rushing down the mountain sides and through the valleys, and hurled themselves against the wires, then they began to roll out the most majestic strains of music. And it is thus with many of the deepest emotions of the human soul. "The soft and balmy zephyrs that fan the brow of ease, and cheer the hours of prosperity and repose, give no token of the inward strength and blessing which the tempest's wrath discloses."

It was a storm of pain and sorrow assaulting the soul that brought from the heart of Charlotte

Elliott the hymn that has become as universal as any in the language. There is deep significance in Madame de Stael's interrogatory: "He who has suffered nothing, what does he know?" It was "amid the encircling gloom," and in pain and invalidism that continued for fifty years, that Miss Elliott wrote so many of her tender hymns. Had not her inner vision been cleared by suffering she would never have written Just as I Am.

There are many incidents which illustrate the positive influence of this hymn. The Rev. Joseph Peat of England, was an active and successful missionary in Travancore, India, for many years. He began a mission in a city of such fierce bigotry that he was said to have thrust his fist into a lion's mouth. He had many hair-breadth escapes from death. His labors for more than thirty years were most abundant, so that on his death-bed he received deputations from nearly twenty congregations gathered from among the heathens. After he gave his dying charge to eight native ministers who had been more or less educated under his charge, he composed himself for his last sleep, and exclaimed: "Now repeat my favorite hymn—Just as I am, Without one Plea."

A fine tribute to this hymn is given in the memorials of the Rt. Rev. Charles Pettit McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio, who died in Florence in 1873. In describing the closing service of a convention in his diocese the Bishop writes: "I had chosen a sweet hymn to be sung, and had it printed on cards; and

I have adopted it for all time to come, as long as I shall be here, as my hymn, always to be sung on such occasions, and always to the same tune. It is that precious hymn by Miss Elliott, Just as I am, Without one Plea, which so beautifully expresses the very essence of the gospel. That hymn contains my religion, my theology, my hope. It has been my ministry to preach just what it contains. When I am gone I wish to be remembered in association with that hymn. I wish that my ministry may be associated with

> Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come!"

Some years later when the Bishop was on his death-bed in far-off Italy, he sent loving messages to friends in Ohio, and then said: "Read to me three hymns—Just as I Am; Jesus, Lover of my Soul; and Rock of Ages." The hymns were read, and in departing "he was filled with joy and peace."

At the close of one of John Wanamaker's great Sunday School sessions in Philadelphia a few years since, he told the school that one of their members was dying. He said: "This young man was in that class (pointing to the gallery) one week ago to-day. He now sends a message asking us to pray for him and sing in his behalf, Just as I am, Without one Plea." Mr. Wanamaker then plead in prayer for the young man, and the great audience, melted to tears,

rose and sang the confessing penitent's hymn. The fifth stanza was sung with such pathos and assurance that a visitor, who happened to be present was then and there—rescued from "many a conflict, many a doubt," and saved to a new faith and a new hope.

In one of John B. Gough's lectures he gives an account of a visit he once made to a city church where a Sunday morning service was being held. He was seated with a stranger so repulsive in appearance that he was compelled to move to the extreme end of the pew. The song part of the service began with the hymn, Just as I Am. "He can't be so disagreeable after all," said Mr. Gough to himself seeing that the man knew the hymn and sang it, and he moved up nearer to him. "But the singing," said the lecturer, "was positively awful." The poor fellow could not keep up with the congregation, and now and then his lips would twitch out a strange, discordant sound. When the organist was playing the interlude between the third and fourth stanzas, the man leaned toward Mr. Gough and whispered: "Would you be kind enough to give me the first line of the next verse?" The line,

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,

was repeated to him, when he said: "That's it; and I am blind—God help me; and I am a paralytic." He then tried to sing,

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;

and Mr. Gough, in describing the effect upon him-

self, said: "At that moment it seemed to me that I never heard in my life a Beethoven Symphony with as much music in it as in the blundering singing of that hymn by the poor paralytic."

Mrs. Dora Quillinan, the only daughter of the poet Wordsworth, died in 1847. Her husband, Edward Quillinan, a voluminous writer of considerable note in his time, wrote to Miss Elliott telling her what comfort her hymn had given his wife during her last days. He said: "When I first read Just as I Am, I had no sooner finished than she said very earnestly, 'that is the very thing for me.' At least ten times that day she asked me to repeat it, and every morning from that day till her decease, nearly two months, the first thing she asked me for was her hymn. 'Now my hymn,' she would say—and she would often repeat it after me, line for line, in the day and night."

The Rev. D. W. Couch, at one time pastor of the Lenox Road Church, Brooklyn, recently contributed an article to the New York Christian Advocate which illustrates the influence of this hymn. One Sunday evening in the summer of 1895 the Epworth League, at its meeting previous to the Church service, sang Just as I Am; and it was a peculiar coincidence that the first hymn sung at the regular hour for Church worship was also Just as I Am. It was a hot evening and the windows were open. Only two doors away lived a young lawyer, and while lying in his room with

the windows raised, he could hear every word of the hymn.

For some time he had been hardened and skeptical, and resisted the best influences until he thought it was too late to reform. But this hymn sung by two different congregations the same evening made a powerful impression upon him. The next day he sent for Mr. Couch, and with "streaming eyes and a voice full of emotion," he related the circumstance of his conversion. Shortly after this happy event the young man found it necessary to go to North Carolina in the hope of having his health restored, but disease had marked him for an early grave, and six months after reaching the South he passed away.

In every part of the wide world this hymn seems to be sung. Some one says that it "has been chanted by half-clad savages on the banks of the Ganges; the barbarous tribes of Congo-land have found in it the expression of a higher hope and a purer faith than their fathers dreamed of; in lonely Alpine chapels and among the isolated communities of the Russian steppes, it has been heard; it is breathed in the chamber of death, and in homes where Hamlet is but a name, Just as I Am is a vivifying fact."

Another hymn that touchingly reflects the state of Miss Elliott's mind during her illness of fifty years, is My God and Father while I Stray, which is better known perhaps by the title, Thy Will be Done. It is a tender and beautiful hymn and was a special favorite with Queen Victoria. Probably the sever-

est bereavement that had befallen Her Majesty since the death of the Prince Consort in 1861, was the loss of her daughter, Princess Alice of Hesse, mother of the present Czarina of Russia. Her little boy had been suffering from diptheria for several days; and the physician told her to be careful not to get near the breath of his little life. One day when in a state of deep anxiety, she stood close to the bed; and by and by the wandering spirit of the boy returned, and seeing his mother near him, he extended his little hands and whispered, "Kiss me, mamma." Her love for her boy was stronger than her fear of death, and putting her arms around him, she bathed his feverish brow with her tears, and bowed her lips and kissed him—and lost her life.

This was in 1878—the fourteenth of December —the anniversary of her father's death; and at the funeral the Queen chose Thy Will be Done as one of the two selections to be sung in the private chapel in Windsor Castle. The hymn has a sweet, melting touch that moved Her Majesty pathetically, and since the death of the Princess it has been sung several times at commemoration services at Windsor.

XX.

Abide With Me.

T is as interesting as it is impressive that much of the poetry that has the firmest grasp upon human feelings has death, or some topic or incident associated with death, for its theme. In the case of the world's greatest poets and hymn-writers, their "most celebrated productions are of this description; and in other instances the imperishable fame of the poet depends almost wholly upon a single piece in which he has, by a single flash of genius, as it were, given voice to humanity's deep feeling with regard to the ineffable mystery."

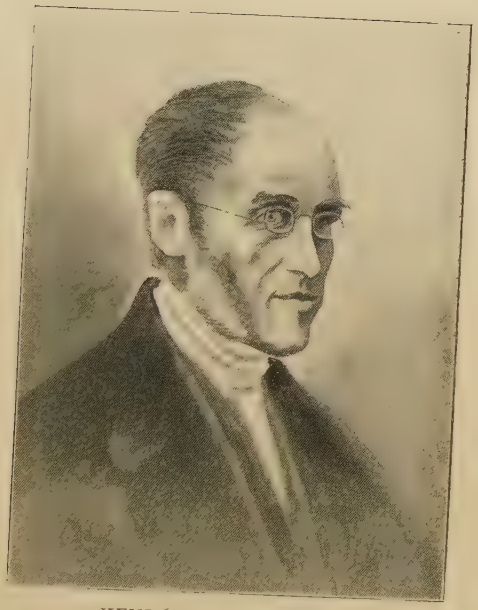
For example, the best known and most highly prized of all William Cullen Bryant's poems is Thanatopsis, which means "A view of death," and was written when he was only eighteen years old. When Tennyson was twenty-four he wrote his finest poem —In Memoriam—which commemorates the death of his young friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. The reputation of Oliver Wendell Holmes was achieved by The Last Leaf. The fourth stanza reads,

> **The mossy marbles rest**
> **On the lips that he has pressed**
> **In their bloom;**
> **And the names he loved to hear**
> **Have been carved for many a year**
> **On the tomb.**

This little poem was regarded with peculiar favor by President Lincoln, and speaking of this stanza he once said: "For pure pathos, in my judgment, there is nothing finer than those six lines in the English language." It will hardly be questioned that James Russell Lowell's masterpiece is The Vision of Sir Launfal, the theme being one that touches on the relation between time and eternity.

And in the realm of Church song we find that the ineffable mystery has inspired many famous hymns. There is melancholy interest in the story of Abide With Me, by Henry Francis Lyte. He was born at Ednam, Scotland, in 1793. His father was a British captain, and died when Henry was an infant. A few years later his mother was taken from him, and being dependent upon charity, friends took charge of his education, and in the course of time he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1814.

It was Lyte's purpose to study for the medical profession, but fortunately he was persuaded to take up theology, and in 1815 he took Holy Orders; and in 1823 he entered upon the perpetual curacy of Lower Brixham, Devonshire, England, which he held till his death twenty-five years later. His people were poor, sea-faring, yet warm-hearted, to whom he gave the highest service of which his bright intellect and consecrated life were capable. His body was always feeble, but he never shrank from labor and never quailed in the hour of suffering.



HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

When Lyte took Orders he did not seem to feel, or understand, the gospel he preached; in other words, his heart was not put in the work. In 1818 a brother clergyman who felt that he was dying, wanted counsel and sent for Lyte. The meeting revealed the fact that neither of them had the consolations of that religion that gives hope, confidence, and strength to one who is passing into eternal sleep. They began to study the Scriptures in a new light, and the author of our hymn experienced a change that affected the whole temper of his mind and life. It was the occasion that gave birth to the beautiful hymn so often sung to the lovely strains of Mozart's music,

> Jesus, I my cross have taken,
> All to leave and follow Thee;
> Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
> Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
> Perish, every fond ambition,
> All I've sought, or hoped, or known
> Yet how rich is my condition!
> God and heaven are still my own.

Lyte was a life-long sufferer, and year by year his weakness increased, and hence the "sadness and tenderness" in nearly all his hymns. His songs rarely ever "swell out into joy and gladness." In the autumn of 1847 he was admonished to seek a warmer climate; and to a friend he said pathetically: "The swallows are preparing for flight southward, and inviting me to accompany them, although I am just able to crawl." On the first Sunday in September,

he insisted upon speaking to his people once more, and being assisted to the pulpit he preached his farewell sermon. After administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to his weeping congregation, he was taken to his little cottage home; and at eventide he gave a relative the manuscript of the beautiful hymn that is matchless in its pathos:

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide:
The darkness thickens: Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

This was the final poetic utterance of the suffering and sweet-spirited Lyte. When life's hours were slowly ebbing he wrote a poem called Declining Days, in which he prayed,

O Thou! whose touch can lend
Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply;
And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die.

This prayer was answered in the hymn that goes around the world to soothe the sorrowing and calm and sustain the weary ones who are called to pass through the midnight of life into the glory of everlasting day.

It was Lyte's purpose to go to Rome, but his rapid decline compelled him to stop at Nice. He felt that the end was near, and requested the presence of a clergyman. The request was responded to by Henry Edward Manning, then an Archdeacon in the Church of England, and afterwards Cardinal in the Church of Rome. The gloom of the winter of life gathered about him, the darkness deepened, and on the twentieth of November, 1847, the shadow of his last cloud was dispelled, and with a smiling face he whispered words of splendid Christian triumph—"Joy. Peace." In Lyte's death was fulfilled the word of Zechariah—"At evening time it shall be light."

It is commonly supposed that Abide With Me was intended for an evening hymn, but this is a "curious instance of the misapprehension of its true meaning," as the facts clearly show that there is not "the slightest allusion in the hymn to the close of the natural day."

This plaintive, but lovely hymn, has enshrined itself in the hearts of Christians in all English-speaking countries; and the unwritten history of its spiritual use would be extremely interesting. The Rev. George D. Baker of Philadelphia, says he once visited the grave of Lyte, and found that another visitor had preceded him to the sacred spot. He was a young man, shedding tears of gratitude. The words of the hymn had been the direct means of his conversion.

Abide With Me has been a rich blessing to untold numbers. The experience of Jennie O'Neill Potter illustrates its helpfulness in the evening of our little day. When that gifted elocutionist and reader lay dying in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, in the spring of 1900, the closing of her young and brilliant life by an incurable disease did not disturb her soul. The physicians told her that her remaining days were only about ninety; and she began a patient waiting for the inevitable hour. The nurses wondered how the frail little woman could be so happy. She would sing to herself all day long, and as the evening fell over the big building up on the hill not far from General Grant's tomb, a delightful melody, with some

pathetic words, would come from Miss Potter's room. Physicians and nurses could not restrain their tears of sympathy as they listened with breathless attention as she softly crooned the tender lines,

> Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
> The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
> When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
> Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

In the mortal struggle with disease, when "other helpers failed," and when all around was dark, this hymn was Miss Potter's comfort to the very hour when she realized the full meaning of the triumphant line,

> Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.

It is fortunate that Abide With Me is associated with splendid music. The history of Eventide is as peculiar as the musical settings of Lead, kindly Light, or From Greenland's icy Mountains. The tune was composed in 1861 by Dr. William Henry Monk, a noted organist of London, and musical editor of Hymns Ancient and Modern. One day he was about to leave his home when the thought struck him that no tune had been selected for hymn No. 27—Abide With Me. He stopped just a moment to read the hymn that its sentiment might be fresh in his mind; and in a few minutes he composed Eventide, which should never be dissociated from Lyte's immortal hymn.

XXI.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

IF there is any such thing as hymns becoming immortal it is because they link themselves to the universal heart on account of their adaptation to the various conditions of human needs. Among this class of hymns is Nearer, my God, to Thee—one of the world-hymns, "and acceptable alike to Protestant and Catholic, and Gentile and Jew."

Curious and interesting are some of the facts concerning this hymn. They illustrate how events which, for the time being, seem unimportant or unfortunate, ultimately bring unspeakable benefit to mankind. Benjamin Flower of England, was editor of The Cambridge Intelligencer, a weekly paper of radical principles. He defended the French Revolution of 1798, and seemed to have fair ground for sharply criticising the political conduct of the Bishop of Llandaff. But the House of Lords took a different view of the matter, and he was sentenced to Newgate for six months. While in jail he was frequently visited by Miss Eliza Gould who devoted much time to the temporal and spiritual welfare of prisoners. During his term at Newgate the acquaintance of Flower and the young Samaritan ripened into warm friendship, and after his release, about

1800, they were married. The fruit of that marriage were Eliza and Sarah Flower, the latter being born at Great Harlow, Essex, in 1805. Early in life she was uncommonly gifted in literature, and wrote many important essays and poems for various periodicals. Leigh Hunt called her "a mistress of thought and tears."

Before her marriage in 1834 to William Bridges Adams, a civil engineer and journalist, she displayed so much dramatic talent as to have meditated adopting the stage as a profession, but the bent of her mind was lyrical rather than dramatic. In 1841 she published a dramatic poem of "great beauty and intense feeling, founded on the story of a Christian martyr, Vivia Perpetua, who was put to death in the beginning of the third century in Carthage." In the poem is a hymn entitled Part in Peace. The little company of Christians met in a cave sepulcher, dimly lighted, just after they heard that the edict had been issued for their arrest, and there they sang the hymn; and in prison, after partaking of the Lord's Supper on the night before their martyrdom, they all again sang the lines,

> Part in peace—Christ's life was peace;
> Let us live our life in Him;
> Part in peace—Christ's death was peace;
> Let us die our death in Him.
> Part in peace—Christ promise gave
> Of a life beyond the grave,
> Where all mortal partings cease.
> Part in peace.

The composition, however, by which Mrs. Adams is best known, is her great hymn,

Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

The hymn was written in 1840, and was published in a collection of hymns and anthems the following year. Mrs. Adams was greatly inspired in her hymns, especially in Nearer, my God, to Thee. "Its imagery embraces the associations of one of the most sublime and interesting religious experiences recorded in the early Hebrew Scriptures—Jacob's vision at Luz; his journey to Padan-Aram, when he halted for the night at Bethel and falling asleep, with a stone for his pillow, dreamed that he saw a ladder let down from heaven to earth, with angels ascending and descending upon it. The hymn almost literally reproduces this delightful incident of Scripture."

There is deep pathos in the personal history of this hymn. The two sisters inherited the feeble organization of their mother, who died of consumption when Sarah was five years old. Life, in a physical aspect, was a hard struggle with the sisters, and in her sore trials Sarah gave expression of her heart's desire in Nearer, my God, to Thee. They were lovingly devoted to each other; and Eliza wore herself out in her constant care of Sarah who passed through a long and severe illness. And in turn, Sarah, in her intense devotion to Eliza during many months of suffering, over-taxed her powers. Eliza was the first to yield to the disease for which there was no cure, and peacefully fell asleep in 1846; and two years later, "angels beckoned" to Sarah, and the prayer of her immortal hymn was answered.

An unusual interest lies in the fact that hymns

of deep spirituality like Nearer, my God, to Thee, touch the heart of mankind in all parts of the world. Professors Hitchcock, Smith, and Park of Union Theological Seminary, visited Palestine in 1871; and one day when they were winding round the foot of Mt. Lebanon, they were startled by the strains of the beautiful tune, Bethany. At first they could hardly believe their own ears; but as they rode a little farther on they saw fifty Syrian students standing in a circle in a small grove, singing in full chorus an Arabic translation of Nearer, my God, to Thee. In describing the impressive event, Professor Hitchcock said he was not much given to the weeping mood, but when he rode through the ranks of the Syrian youths after hearing that hymn, he could not restrain the tears. He confessed that the singing on that occasion seemed to go deeper into the heart than any he had ever before heard in his ministry.

Among the many pathetic scenes witnessed at the Johnstown flood, on the thirty-first day of May, 1889, was the total wrecking of a day express train. In the rear coach was a lady on her way to the missionary fields in the far East. The coach was swung with tremendous violence into the mighty rushing flood, and turned up on end. In the lower part was this heroic woman, fastened between two seats, unable to escape death in the catastrophe. She was seen by a vast multitude, but between her and assistance was an impassable deluge. From her awful position she made a most beautiful address of trust and

peace, which was followed by a prayer, after which she began to sing Nearer, my God, to Thee. In this she was joined in loving sympathy by the many hundreds who saw her distressing condition; and the real meaning of the hymn must have been brought out to its fullest extent in that fateful hour. In a very few minutes the song begun amid the rushing of the swelling flood, was finished beyond the skies.

There were numerous impressive events in the Boston Peace Jubilee of 1872, but none was more truly touching than the singing of the fervent words of Nearer, my God, to Thee, to Lowell Mason's Bethany, arranged, largely, from one of Sir John Andrew Stevenson's popular Irish melodies. The baton, for that day, was in the master hand of Dr. Eben Tourjee. The first stanza was sung by the Bouquet of Artists, the second by the great chorus, and the third and fourth by the choristers and the audience. Nearly fifty thousand voices were lifted in that sublime song. "The venerable composer of the tune was in the audience, an honored guest, and his soul must have been thrilled as it never before had been by the grand outburst of noble melody."

Nearer, my God, to Thee, being pathetically associated with the tragic death of President McKinley, has been given a more general recognition than was ever accorded any other hymn in the language. He was a reverent and worshipful man, and had an abiding love for this hymn. He was suffering the acme

of human pain, and just before he uttered his last words as taken down by Dr. Mann: "Good-by; it is God's way; His will be done, not ours"—he was heard to murmur faintly: "Nearer, my God, to Thee." On the Sunday following his death the hymn was sung in unison of heart by great congregations in thousands of churches; and on Thursday the day of the burial at Canton, memorial services were held in every civilized country in Christendom, and the hymn which had been the prayer of Mr. McKinley's life, was made the prayer of many millions of sorrowful hearts. It was sung alike by worshippers in Catholic Cathedrals and Protestant Churches; and by command of King Edward, a memorial service was held in Westminster Abbey, and in that strangely historic place the tender lines of the President's favorite assemblage.

The story of this hymn shows how strong it lays hold of the hearts of martyrs to suffering. A most affecting incident is that of the little drummer boy who was with General Grant's army at the battle of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862. He was found dying, one arm having been carried away by a cannon ball. The young soldier suffered much, but he found consolation in his last hours in singing some of the lines of Nearer, my God, to Thee.

I cannot concur with Mr. Stead when he speaks of "jealous Trinitarians" feeling twinges of conscience at the thought of deriving spiritual benefit from a Unitarian hymn. When Christians of whatever

name sing Nearer, my God, to Thee, they do not trouble themselves about Mrs. Adams being a Unitarian; for every one of us, every day of our lives, needs the prayer and the spiritual touch of just such a hymn as this. It teaches us that there are no sects in hymns. "It is the theology of the head that splits men asunder" and drives them to disputations. It is the theology of the heart, such as we find in sacred songs, that unites them and makes them sing as one man.

An incident of thrilling interest that illustrates how sacred songs obliterate all denominational lines, was the union of the Old and the New School divisions of the Presbyterian Church which took place at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in November, 1869. The two bodies formed in parallel columns in the street, and coming together, they locked arms and marched to the Church where the bond of union was to be sealed. As they entered the Church the vast assembly rose and all joined in singing that inspiring jubilee song, Blow ye the Trumpet Blow. When the delegates were seated, then followed that triumphant ascription of praise, All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name. And during that wonderful scene the distinguished body of ministers and the great audience, moved by the spirit of Christian unity, sang in the order of service, Blest be the Sons of Peace; the sublime Doxology, Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow; and finally the beautiful expression of Christian fellowship, Blest be the Tie that Binds. Prob-

ably the thought never entered the heads of these Presbyterian ministers in this hour of supreme gladness, that of the hymns they sang that day, not one of them was written by a member of their own denomination. And when the General Assembly met at Saratoga, New York, in 1894, it sang the same five hymns which so fittingly expressed the spirit of gratitude and praise of the Assembly at Pittsburg twenty-five years before. A richer example of how sacred song appeals to the common heart of mankind, and lays low in the dust all sectarianism, is not found in the history of our hymnology.

It is said that Robert Browning indirectly inspired Mrs. Adams's hymn. He was her junior by seven years, and at the age of fifteen he manifested a warm interest in her literary aspirations. A few years later her faith became much disturbed, possibly on account of ill-health, for we all know that the body often rules the mind. And again, to one whose hopes are no higher than earth, the lessons of sorrow are indeed hard to learn. It was at such a time as this, perhaps, that Browning's influence over her revived and confirmed her Christian faith, and thereby made it possible for her to sing Nearer, my God, to Thee.

XXII.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

IN 1899 The Congregationalist printed this note: "When Dr. Herrick was asked what Congregationalism had done for hymnology, he replied that he was willing to rest its reputation on four hymns, not to mention more, namely: Timothy Dwight's, I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord; Ray Palmer's, My Faith Looks up to Thee; Leonard Bacon's, O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand; and Washington Gladden's, O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee." This is surely a group of splendid hymns. But there is one among them that stands out above all the others in the affection with which it is held by the Christian Church. My Faith Looks up to Thee, is no doubt sung oftener than any other American hymn. It is so great a hymn that Dr. Horder of London, whose fame as a hymnologist is trans-continental, says: "Dr. Ray Palmer is the most widely known and deeply-loved hymnist of America."

The author of this universal song was the son of Judge Thomas Palmer, and was born at Little Crompton, Rhode Island, in 1808. He spent several years of his early life as a clerk in a dry-goods store in Boston. He devoted three years to study at Phillips Academy, Andover, and afterwards took a course of study at Yale, and was graduated in 1830. After

filling Congregational pastorates at Bath, Maine, and Albany, New York, he accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of the American Congregational Union in 1865, and held the office till 1878, when he retired on account of ill-health, to Newark, New Jersey, where he died in 1887.

Dr. Palmer regarded, Jesus, These Eyes Have Never Seen, as his best production; and the last words he uttered were from that hymn. On the day before he passed away, he was heard to "faintly murmur to himself," the stanza,

> When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
> And still this throbbing heart,
> The rending veil shall Thee reveal
> All glorious as Thou art.

When Dr. Palmer was in New York city in 1830, teaching in a young ladies' school, he read a description in German, of only two stanzas, of a suppliant before the Cross. His heart was touched by the tender beauty of the lines, and he made a translation. He also added four stanzas, telling what the suppliant was saying, and these stanzas form that ever lovable hymn by which the memory of its author is most closely linked, not only to the hearts of his own countrymen, but to the hearts of Christians in all countries of the globe:

> My faith looks up to Thee,
> Thou Lamb of Calvary,
> Savior divine:
> Now hear me while I pray,
> Take all my guilt away,
> O let me from this day
> Be wholly Thine!

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

The doctor was once asked to give the origin of this hymn of nameless charm, and he said it was simply this: "I wrote what I felt, with little effort. I recollect I penned the words with tender emotion, and ended the last line with tears. It expressed the deep consciousness of my own need. I had not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all, of writing a hymn for Christian worship." The fact should be recalled that the hymn was written when Palmer was only twenty-two years old. He was in poor health, and was laboring under many discouragements; and this explains his statement con-

cerning the hymn: "It was born in my heart and demanded expression."

The popular account of the first publication of the hymn in the United States, is, that about two years after it was written, Mr. Palmer met Dr. Lowell Mason on a street in Boston, when the composer remarked that he was engaged in compiling a Church music book, and requested him to furnish some lines for the work. Mr. Palmer then thought of the hymn he had written over two years before, and took it from his pocket, and when Dr. Mason read it he made the prophetic remark that the hymn would be sung around the world; and he ventured another prophecy, that whatever great things Mr. Palmer might do in his lifetime, his fame would still rest upon that hymn. Dr. Mason composed Olivet for the hymn, and to this setting the words are sung in all gospel lands.

Professor Austin Phelps, father of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, when speaking of the singular conditions that sometimes start a hymn around the globe, says: "One of those fleeting conjunctions of circumstances and men! The doctor of music and future doctor of theology are thrown together in the roaring thoroughfare of commerce for a brief interview, scarcely more than enough for a morning salutation; and the sequence is the publication of a Christian lyric which is to be sung around the world."

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Dr. Palmer to Miss Ann M. Ward of New York, was

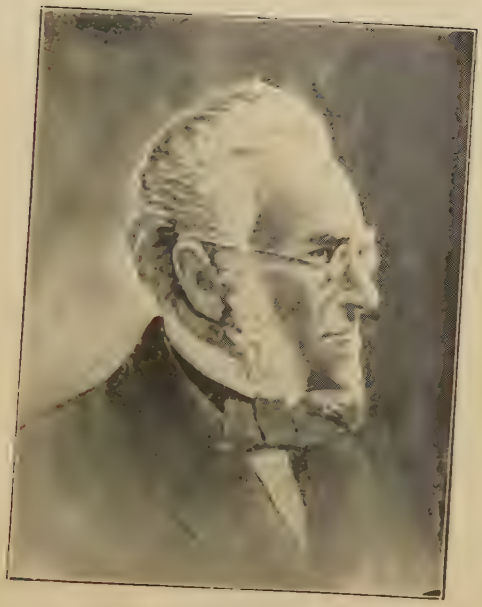
celebrated in 1882. Some of the greatest minds in the land attended the golden wedding, and among these who spoke words befitting the delightful occasion was the late Dr. Richard S. Storrs, who said: "The grandest privilege which God ever gives to His children upon earth, and which He gives to comparatively few, is to write a noble Christian hymn, to be accepted by the Churches, to be sung by reverent and loving hearts in different lands and different tongues, and which still shall be sung as the future opens its brightening centuries. Such a hymn brings him to whom it is given into most intimate sympathy with the Master, and with the more sensitive and devout spirits of every time."

In connection with the spiritual use of the hymn, this story, though old, is still interesting. Mrs. Layyath Baraket, a native of Syria, who was educated in the mission schools at Beirut, went as a teacher to Egypt, where she made much use of My Faith Looks up to Thee. By the insurrection of Arabi Pasha in 1882, she was driven out of that country, and with her husband and child came to the United States. "Her history is a strange illustration of God's providential care, as they were without any friends in Philadelphia, where they landed." During her visit in America Mrs. Baraket made many public addresses and attracted large audiences. Her talks on missionary efforts in Syria and Egypt were rich in practical and interesting incidents and illustrations. She had been permitted to see her whole family, who were

Maronites of Mt. Lebanon, converted to Christianity. Her mother, at the age of sixty-two, was taught to sing an Arabic translation of Dr. Palmer's hymn; and in 1884, when she received the news that her daughter had reached the United States in safety and was kindly received, she responded by simply repeating the words of this hymn.

In the evening before one of the terrible battles of the Wilderness during the Civil War, eight young men who were warmly attached to each other by the ties of Christian comradeship, held a prayer-meeting. A great battle was imminent, and it seemed improbable that all of them would survive the conflict. Before separating for the night, they wrote an expression of their feelings on a sheet of paper. It was in fact, a death pledge; and was to remain as evidence of their Christian faith should they fall in battle. The words to which all the brave young men subscribed their names were those of the hymn, My Faith Looks up to Thee. The battle on the morrow went hard with the regiment to which these eight soldiers of the Cross and the Union belonged, and seven of them fell before the blazing discharge of shot and shell of the enemy.

Dr. Palmer wrote many hymns, and although he produced nothing else that equals that on faith, several of them are extensively used in this country and Great Britain. Some of his translations have gained international fame. The finest English rendering of the beautiful hymn by Gregory the Great,



RAY PALMER.

O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord, was made by Dr. Palmer.

There is another translation that stands as a perpetual "memorial of Dr. Palmer's genius and taste." Archbishop Trench says the loveliest hymn in all the range of Latin sacred poetry, is Veni Sancte Spiritus. He also says that it could only have been composed by one "who had been acquainted with many sorrows and also with many consolations." In 1858 Dr. Palmer took this charming Latin hymn in hand and made a translation that has been placed in nearly all American and English hymnals. Here is the hymn in full:

Come, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
  Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
  O come to-day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
  With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow.
  Cheer us, this hour!

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
  Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
  And make us blest!

Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
  Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
  While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
  His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
  Eternal joy!

Dr. Palmer's splendid version has done much to deepen the interest in this great hymn. There are but few finer alliances of words and music found in any hymnal than these magnificent lines set to Thomas Hastings's New Haven. The hymn is rendered in the same meter as My Faith Looks up to Thee, and when sung to that tune it becomes one of the richest tones of the Church.

It would be interesting to know whose sorrows and consolations gave the Church Veni Sancte Spiritus. Whose voice first sang it? What were the motives that craved it? For ages it was supposed to have been written by Robert II. of France about 1020. Others believe it came from the sorrowful heart of Hermannus Contractus, the cripple, in 1040. There are those who give the authorship to Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and say that he wrote it not far from 1215. Some later authori-

ties ascribe it to Pope Innocent III., who died in 1216.

There are many pleasing incidents clustering around these time-honored hymns whose origin is involved in mystery. The memorable discussion between Martin Luther and Johann Eck, on the general power of the Pope, began at Leipsic on the twenty-seventh of June, and concluded on the sixteenth of July, 1519. It was the greatest gathering of theologians and dignitaries ever seen in Germany. Luther was one great whirlwind of energy, and totally insensible to fear. Eck was backed by the Church, and known as the "Goliath of controversy." The famous disputation settled nothing; but one incident of that brilliant occasion still shines out above the masterful orations of these two men. After the proceedings had begun with a Latin oration, the august assembly fell on its knees, and solemnly chanted Veni Sancte Spiritus. The powerful arguments of Germany's two greatest orators excited partisan strife and hate; but the sweet little hymn of an unknown singer touched a common heart, and for the moment it did what nothing else could—softened the asperities of the hour.

XXIII.

The Voice From Galilee.

THERE is no more honored name in Church hymnody of the nineteenth century than that of Horatius Bonar. His hymns are among the sweet minor tones that are yearly growing in the love of the Church. He was born in Edinburgh in 1808. His first pastorate in the Established Church of Scotland was begun at Kelso in 1837. When the disruption of 1843 came he cast his lot with the Free Church, but remained at Kelso till 1866, when he was translated to the Chambers Memorial Church at Edinburgh where he served until his death in 1889.

There is wonderment in the fact that no memoir of Dr. Bonar has been written. He was a very modest and reticent man, and had a dread of popularity. His daughter, the wife of the Rev. Marcus Dodds, Mrs. Mary Benar Dodds, tells us that her father never dreamed of winning poetic fame; and it is passing strange that his hymns, which are so numerous and many of them so divinely graceful, have no known history. When his son was questioned about the story of certain hymns his father had written, he said there was no publication, or authentic record of any sort, giving an account of their origin or history.

But Mrs. Dodds says his first hymns were composed for Sunday School children, and it was in the quiet of Kelso that the greater number, and perhaps the best and sweetest of his hymns were written. She also adds that when her father settled in Edinburgh he wrote some good hymns in connection with the new effort made by Moody and Sankey, and others, to "sing the gospel," and these are included in the hymn-books used at evangelical meetings.

Dr. Bonar will be best known and beloved as the author of Hymns of Faith and Hope. In that volume is found the beautiful hymn, The Voice from Galilee, which has carried his name wherever the English language is spoken:

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

This is the most popular of all Dr. Bonar's hymns. It is said to be most often sung or whispered by those who seek solace or inspiration. It is a good specimen of what may be called "the subjective class of hymns, that is, hymns dealing with the inner life and experience of the worshiper. Those hymns that celebrate the perfections of God and the glories of Redemption, are properly objective in their character, and for long centuries were, with few exceptions, the only hymns known to the Church. But in these later days hymns of a subjective kind—dealing with the human heart, its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, its faith and failures, often taking the form of confession and prayer—are now common."

This hymn is pathetically associated with the final hours of Henry Ward Beecher. He preached his last sermon in Plymouth Church on Sunday evening, March sixth, 1887. At the close of the service he lingered in the church to hear his choir sing a beautiful anthem to the words,

I heard the voice of Jesus,
"Come unto me and rest."

To Mr. Beecher this hymn seems to have had a pecu-

liar charm; and it was the last song he heard in his church. On the next Tuesday he rested from the labors which had been for fifty years an immeasurable blessing to the thousands who heard him preach with marvelous power the gospel of truth and mercy and loving kindness proclaimed by the Voice from Galilee. Mr. Beecher received personal inspiration from song. He once said: "I have never loved men under any circumstances as I have loved them when singing with them. Never at any other time have I been so near Heaven with you as in those hours when we were singing of Heaven, and our songs were being wafted thitherward."

When set to proper music The Voice from Galilee is an inspiring force. Here is an incident which illustrates its popularity. All the newspapers in Montreal made special announcement that at Christ's Church Cathedral on the second Sunday evening in September, 1887, the choir would sing this hymn to music composed by G. Couture. The words were intended to magnify the service. The great Cathedral appreciated the thorough merit, the loving sentiment, and the peculiar suitableness of the hymn to solemn, yet helpful, Church worship, and used it in a way that made the service deeply interesting, noteworthy, and impressive.

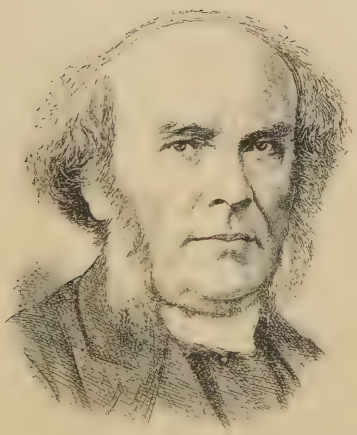
Dr. Bonar thought that his best hymn is, When the Weary Seeking Rest; but equal to his favorite are, A few More Years shall Roll; Upward where the Stars are Burning; Come, Lord, and Tarry Not; and

many others, among them being those less familiar but exquisite and tender lines,

> Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
> I shall be soon;
> Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
> Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
> I shall be soon.
> Refrain—Love, rest, and home!
> Sweet, sweet home!
> Lord, tarry not, but come.

Dr. Julian, in summing up Bonar's contributions to Church song, says: "His hymns satisfy the fastidious by their instinctive good taste; they mirror the life of Christ in the soul, partially, perhaps, but with vivid accuracy; they win the heart by their tone of tender sympathy; they sing the truth of God in ringing notes; and although, when taken as a whole, they are not perfect; although, in reading them, we meet with feeble stanzas, defective rhyme, meaningless iteration; yet a singularly large number have been stamped with approval, both in literary circles and by the Church."

It is a singular circumstance that Dr. Bonar's hymns were sung for many years in the Church of England, and other sections of the Christian Church in America and Great Britain, before his own Church would permit them to be used. His own General Assembly preferred the Scottish Psalms and Paraphrases to the "human hymns" made by Bonar. Another fact equally as peculiar, is noted by Dr. Horder. Although Bonar belonged to a strongly



HORATIUS BONAR.

Calvinistic body, "his hymns abound in the most ecstatic assertions of the universal love of God. Here, as in so many other cases, the heart is wiser than the head—the poet than the theologian."

Like Dwight L. Moody and many other men of God, Dr. Bonar believed in the pre-millenial coming of Christ. This is clearly illustrated in many of his finer hymns. And it has been suggested that from his "habitual contemplation of the Second Advent as the era of this world's bliss, his hymns are distinguished by a tone of pensive reflection which some might call pessimism."

Whatever force there may be in this suggestion, Dr. Bonar's hymns have been wonderfully helpful to the many thousands who have either read or sung them; and as they not only appeal to the intelligence of the uncultured, but are beautiful poems with the qualities inseparable from lyrics of high order, they are sure to retain a permanent place in the hymnals of English-speaking Churches.

XXIV.

Stand Up For Jesus.

THE two American hymns which are best known and most frequently used are, My Faith Looks up to Thee; and Stand up, Stand up for Jesus. The latter is not a great hymn from the view-point of literary grace. It is, however, a felicitous clarion song, and no other composition of American origin is more commonly employed as a mission hymn than the lines which, in a sense, commemorate the tragic death of Dudley Atkins Tyng. Its influence in kindling aspirations after a more courageous and sincere Christian spirit has marked it as one of the fruitful hymns of the century.

During the great revival in Philadelphia in the spring of 1858, Mr. Tyng, Rector of the Church of the Epiphany of that city, took a deep interest in that historic religious movement. He was thirty-three years old, and like his distinguished father, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., was a powerful preacher and full of the evangelistic spirit. On Sunday, April sixteenth, he preached at a union service held in Jaynes's hall, at which five thousand people were present. The sermon was said to be one of the most masterful of modern times; and fully one thousand persons were converted on that day.

On Wednesday following that memorable Sun-

day, Mr. Tyng left his study for a few moments and went to his barn where a corn-shelling apparatus was in operation. Unconsciously he stepped too near the machine and his gown was caught in one of the wheels, and before assistance could reach him his right arm was frightfully mangled. In the hope of saving his life the surgeons made three amputations, but the injury was so severe and the shock to his system so dreadful, that he died within a few hours.

The Young Men's Christian Association in Philadelphia, gave its powerful support to the Minister's Union in conducting the revival; and at the moment when Mr. Tyng seemed to wake from the sleep of death, his father asked him if he had any message for the Association and the Union, and he whispered the words: "Tell them to stand up for Jesus." He then gathered strength to ask his father to sing a hymn, and hardly waiting for others to respond, he began himself to sing some words from Rock of Ages; but his voice soon grew faint; then the stillness of death came. "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

The Rev. George Duffield, a Presbyterian minister of considerable note, held a pastorate in Philadelphia at the time of Mr. Tyng's death. On the Sunday succeeding the tragedy, he delivered a sermon based on the message to the Association and the Union, and the following lines were written simply as a concluding exhortation;

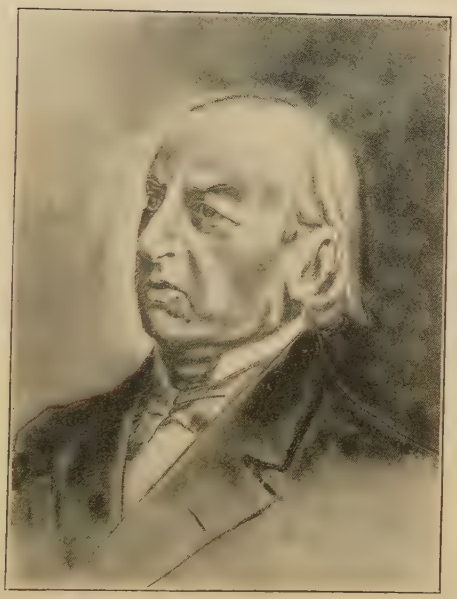
Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear:
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout!

Stand up!stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
"Ye that are men now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host!



GEORGE DUFFIELD.

Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain,
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain!

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

The sentiment of the message as expressed in Dr. Duffield's verse was caught up as on the "wings of heaven" and borne over all this broad land, and even beyond the seas. He says the hymn was first printed as a fly-leaf for the Sunday School connected with his Church. A stray copy found its way into a Baptist paper, and from that publication the hymn passed, either in its English, or in translated forms, all over the world. The doctor says the first time he heard it sung outside of his own denomination was in 1864, when it seemed to become the favorite song of many soldiers in the army of the Potomac.

A pleasant little incident associated with this hymn is found in the story of "the four-year-old child of the Rev. Dr. Roberts of Princeton, New Jersey, who hearing it given out in Church sang it fearlessly and to the admiration of the congregation. Moreover, the singing was with a loud voice and great joy, as if 'something understood.' It was at

Saratoga, and the child was far from home, but the hymn was real and familiar, and the little voice made melody in it."

An anonymous writer pays Dr. Duffield's hymn this merited tribute: "Strange that a short hymn, struck off in an hour or two as a fitting peroration to a funeral sermon on a young minister who had come to a tragic end, should be so honored as to cast all the author's other works into the shade. What are all his other works compared to this martial song so hastily written, so strangely born? When all his other works shall have been forgotten, when the walls of the grand churches to which he ministered for so many years have fallen, this noble lyric, written in the white heat of a grand elate hour, will be a power in the land, because fragrant with the name of Dudley Tyng, and still more with that Name which is above every name in heaven or on earth."

XXV.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

EVERAL years ago The New York Observer offered a prize to the person who would name the best fifty hymns of American origin. Of the many thousands who had an opportunity to compete for the prize, only seven hundred responded. The hymn that received the highest number of votes was My Faith Looks up to Thee, and One Sweetly Solemn Thought stood second. The late Dr. Charles S. Robinson, who did much to improve our hymnology, was greatly surprised that Miss Cary's poem should be considered the second best of all American hymns; and in a communication to The Observer, he says: "One Sweetly Solemn Thought, is an exquisite poem for private reading, but in its original form it is of no sort of metre—irregular to the last degree of impossibility in setting to music, and marred terribly by the tinkering it has had to receive to get it into the collection. Think of five hundred ordinary Sabbath worshipers singing, 'One sweetly solemn thought comes to me again and again that I am nearer being dead to-day than ever I was before.' It is a poem of wonderful beauty, but is it our second hymn?"

Possibly Dr. Robinson is partly right in his judgment as to the merit of One Sweetly Solemn

Thought, as a hymn, but he seems to have forgotten the fact that it has made more history than many other American hymns of greater literary purity. People judge hymns largely by the way they stir the heart; and no doubt the four hundred and seven persons who believed that Miss Cary's hymn was the second among the so-called best fifty American hymns, had found more spiritual comfort in it than in any other native composition with the exception of My Faith Looks up to Thee.

Alice and Phoebe Cary were born in a small farm-house in the Miami Valley, eight miles north of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1820 and 1824, respectively. Even from their young girlhood their tastes were literary. It is not inapt to call them the Bethany Sisters of American literature. They settled in New York in 1852; and in the joint house-keeping Phoebe took, from choice, the larger share of the household duties, and found less leisure for literary work than Alice who was an invalid for many years. But it was the house-keeper, not the poet, that won almost world-wide fame in one hymn, bearing the title, Nearer Home.

On returning from Church one Sunday noon in 1852, Phoebe went to her room in the third story of a modest brick building, and after thanking her Heavenly Father for the gift of His love, she wrote this hymn:

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea,
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,—

Father! perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith.

The hymn has passed through many changes, but the text used in this sketch is that prepared by Miss Cary in 1869, when, in collaboration with Dr. Charles F. Deems she compiled Hymns for all Christians.

How many times a song of the soul becomes a lovely pilgrim, wandering over the earth, entering many homes, touching many hearts, and "giving hope and light in the dimness of this clouded life."

companion out of the depth of wickedness, and transfused into one of them, and perhaps into the other also, the beautiful spirit of Christian manhood. She read this incident in 1870, one year before she passed away, and the knowledge that her lines, which were not intended for public use, had been the direct means of doing so much good, afforded her immeasurable consolation during the last year of her sainted life.

PHOEBE CARY.

XXVI.

It is Well With My Soul.

HEN one's life is burdened with adversity or his mind harassed with doubt, there is proneness to speak or sing in pensive tones. This is a common experience. Horace Greeley was eminently successful as a journalist, and won honor and fame; but in his passing days when his aspirations were not fully realized, his feelings were reflected in this declaration: "Life is vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow."

But I will give the story of a hymn that teaches a much higher lesson than that which writes down life as vapor. It is Well With my Soul, was written by H. G. Spafford, and the popular tune to which it is always sung is one of P. P. Bliss's best compositions. Mr. Spafford was a member of the Chicago bar, and an elder of the Presbyterian Church. He was noted for his charming Christian character, and his many deeds of special kindness to those in want. He had been greatly successful in his profession, but unwittingly had made some unfortunate investments, and when the financial panic of 1873 so seriously disturbed the business of the country, Mr. Spafford found that his savings of many years had been swept away. The

members of his family were prostrated by this disastrous turn in their affairs, and he acceded to the wish of helpful friends that they should visit Europe and thus be far removed for some time from the scenes of his financial ruin.

Mrs. Spafford and her four children took passage on the French liner Ville du Havre, and the story of that voyage is one of the most appalling of the many calamities of the sea. When in mid-ocean, and in the blackness of a November night in 1873, the steamship collided with the Glasgow clipper Loch Earn, and in twelve minutes the former went down, carrying to death two hundred and thirty souls, and among them were Mr. Spafford's four daughters. Mrs. Spafford sank with the vessel, but floated again, and was finally rescued. The saved were taken to Havre, and from that city she sent a message to her husband in Chicago: "Saved, but saved alone. What shall I do?" This message of fearful import—"sufficient to drive Reason from her throne" —was the first notice Mr. Spafford had that his dear ones were not as happy as when he parted with them a few days before in New York. He left for Europe at once, and as soon as it was prudent he returned with Mrs. Spafford to Chicago.

In his unutterable sorrow Mr. Spafford did not chant a dirge to impossible hope. When he reflected that his property was lost in destruction's waste, that his wife was painfully prostrated, and that his four children were buried in the dark waves of the sea,

there came from his heart of hearts a song of trust and resignation that has many times encircled the globe—

*When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin, O the bliss of that glorious thought!
My sin—not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to the Cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

It was Mr. Spafford's purpose that his remaining years should be cheerfully and completely dedicated to the things of God. When he returned from Havre with his invalid wife, he said to his friends: "I never felt more like trusting God than I do now. After the sundering of those ties that bound me to my beloved ones, I feel more than ever like devoting myself and all I have to the blessed Savior."

Mr. Spafford believed in the Second Advent and held extreme views on that question. And as an aid to the carrying out of his peculiar purpose, his face was turned towards Jerusalem, and thither he and his wife journeyed and there they established a home

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near the spot, they sincerely believed, where Christ would descend. With a lofty faith, with a serene hope, with a whole-hearted consecration, Mr. Spafford began to teach in the city made ever sacred by the life and death of the Son of Man. After seventeen years of an active, yet pathetic life, devoted to a strange work in a far-off land, he passed beyond the sorrow that gave the Church his triumphant song of the soul.

Spafford's hymn of resignation, with its fine musical setting by the lamented Bliss, is one of the most helpful of the many gospel songs written during the past quarter of a century. It appeals to the heart as but few hymns can. One Sunday evening a service of song was given in one of our large city churches at which the story of It is Well With my Soul was told, and the lines sung with great tenderness of expression by the audience and choir. The large gathering was deeply moved by the hymn. Attending the service was a gentleman who had suffered financial reverses in the panic of 1893. He was a member of the Church—a devout Christian and tireless in his good works, but at times took his business losses much to heart. When he heard the story of Spafford's heavy affliction, and joined in singing the hymn so pathetically inspired, he said to his wife on his return home from the service: "I will never again complain of my lot. If Spafford could write such a beautiful resignation hymn when he had lost all his children, and everything else,

save his wife and character, I ought surely to be thankful that my losses have been so light."

Of course, like many other effective gospel hymns, that by Spafford has no special poetic merit, but it was born in the supreme experience of the soul, and for this reason has become popular with many congregations in all parts of the country. It is a hymn with a mission, and the good that it has done cannot be told this side of eternity.

XXVII.

A Great Consecration Hymn.

ONDERFUL indeed are the stories told of the beautiful life of Frances Ridley Havergal to whom is ascribed the honor of writing one of the finest consecration hymns of the nineteenth century. A study of her short life reminds us that she could read at three; that she wrote verses at seven with remarkable fluency; that in her girlhood days she knew the whole of the New Testament, the Psalms, and Isaiah by heart, and afterwards memorized the Minor Prophets; that when fourteen years old she had a glowing spiritual enthusiasm; that she early acquired the French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages; that she daily read the Old and New Testaments in the original; that she could play through Handel and much of Mendelssohn and Beethoven without notes; that she had a sweet singing voice and was a reputable composer; and that in her school days, though having a frail constitution, she climbed the Swiss Mountains that she might revel in the scene of perpetual snow.

Miss Havergal was born in 1836 at the vicarage of Astley, in Worcestershire, England, of which place her father, William Henry Havergal, also a poet and composer was Rector. It is said that the history of

her early religious experience "would form a peculiar psychological study. She was bred in the very lap of the Church of England and her life was singularly devout, and yet it is sad to think that her heart was so frequently disquieted at the thought of multitudinous backslidings. A deep longing after a purer life, united to a remarkable delicacy of conscience, made her very early a partaker of that religious melancholy which so darkened the days of William Cowper. But in later years she gained the sweeter mind and the humbler and more explicit trust in the Providence of God." It is claimed by her literary friends that her life was even purer than her song; though in her poems, as well as in her hymns, she was intensely religious, and intensely sensitive to all things beautiful and inspiring.

A fragile constitution made Miss Havergal peculiarly susceptible to pain, and hence her frequent illnesses were the result of her severe mental habits. "You must choose between writing and living," said her physician, and she bowed to the inevitable. She went to Swansea, South Wales, hoping thereby to obtain strength. One day she said to her physician: "Now tell me, doctor, is there any chance of my seeing Him?" And again she whispered: "I thought the Lord had more work for me to do; but it is not His will. Oh, yes, it is splendid. I thought He would leave me here for awhile, but He is so good to take me so soon." The breath of God softly touched her face, and Frances Havergal passed away on the

third of June, 1879, at the early age of forty-two years.

As a writer of hymns and sacred poems Miss Havergal was prolific. While she wrote many excellent praiseful songs, she is more widely known by her Consecration hymn, which has received such a joyous welcome from the Churches of the United States:

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be,
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The personal history of this hymn is of unusual interest. The lines were written on the fourth of February, 1874, and how they caught their inspiration is told by Miss Havergal in a letter to a friend:

"Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the Consecration hymn, Take My Life. I went for a little visit of five days to the Areley House. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house!' And He just did! Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another till they finished with, 'Ever, only, ALL for Thee!'"

Miss Havergal possessed a beautiful voice, and sang only sacred music. Some believe that in this and many other things "she over-strained duty;" but when her devoted affection for her Master constrained her to pray in verse,

> **Take my voice, and let me sing**
> **Always, only, for my King,—**

she was so supremely sincere, and so intensely spiritual, that she could take no other course than make it her daily practice to observe strictly both the letter and spirit of the hymn.

This and many other hymns by Miss Havergal are

so recent and have leaped into such sudden popularity that one writer suggests that it is impossible yet to speculate what position they will ultimately occupy. The Consecration hymn has distinctive merit, and is already sung by millions of voices; and the time is not far off when it will be classed with the hymns that have made significant history. According to Dr. Julian it has been translated into French, German, Swedish, Russian, and other European languages, and several of those of Africa and Asia.

Miss Havergal invariably sang the hymn to Patmos, composed by her father; and after her death the family expressed a desire that the hymn and tune should be inseparable. But Patmos is hardly known in America, and the hymn has various settings. I have frequently observed that when it is sung to Hendon, a tune of magnificent quality, composed by Dr. Malan, a feeling akin to the spirit of consecration, seems to thrill the whole audience.

There are perhaps fifty or sixty of Miss Havergal's hymns in use in this country and Great Britain. Among those which are more or less familiar, are, Golden Harps are Sounding; O Savior, Precious Savior; Another Year is Dawning; True-hearted, Whole-hearted, Faithful and Loyal; Tell it out Among the Heathen; and I Gave my Life for Thee. While some of her hymns are of high quality, there are others which do not add to her fame. Like all

other writers of Divine song, her poetic inspiration was exceedingly fitful.

Frances Ridley Havergal is a name that is tenderly beloved by American Churches. "Her soul was filled to the brim with the spirit of philanthropy and self-sacrifice. It is touching to think how the first money she received for literary work—fifty dollars—she spent wholly on benevolent objects. But it is still more touching to remember that one of the last acts of her life was to send her jewelry box to the Church Missionary Society, to be disposed of in the interest of the Association."

"Her life was like her poetry; it was a stream that made glad many waste places, and carried the elements of refreshments wherever it flowed."

XXVIII.

Five Lay Hymn-Writers.

FIVE laymen besides William Cowper have done the Christian Church an inestimable service in contributing to the rich treasury of sacred song. With perhaps one exception, the hymns which will be considered in this chapter are the products of masters in hymn-making. But all of them are fine examples of what hymns should be. They are bright with the spirit of worship, have poetic grace, and have extensive popularity. If they are not so conspicuous as some other hymns in making history, they will probably remind the reader of the influence of the still small voice—which is one of the mightiest forces that Omnipotence has created.

The laymen who have written great hymns are not numerous either in England or America. A few of them have done much to ennoble Church song, and in this class are five distinguished names—Montgomery, Bowring, Hastings, Whittier, and Holmes.

It is a fact of general interest that no other layman in the story of hymnology equals James Montgomery in the number of his hymn compositions. He has done so much, and has done that much so well, that he is called the Cowper of the nineteenth century. He was born in Scotland in 1771, of Moravian par-

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ents, who were called to the West Indies in 1783 for mission work, where both died a few years later. Their devout wish was that James might become a Moravian minister, but the native bent of his mind was not in the line of theology, and after spending nine or ten dreamy years at a Moravian Seminary near Leeds, England, he entered various occupations, but failed in all, and being lonely, depressed, and disappointed, he became "a wanderer in the world."

Montgomery began to write poetry quite early in life, and once he went to London in the fond hope that some publisher might buy his verses, but he was again disappointed, and was left hopeless and almost heart-broken. Finally he went to Sheffield and found employment in the office of The Register, and two years later—1794—when Mr. Gales, the editor, was compelled to quit England to avoid political prosecution, Montgomery took charge of the paper and changed the name to The Iris, and for thirty-one years he was its editor, and during that time was twice fined and imprisoned for publishing articles unfriendly to the government.

When he retired from The Iris in 1825, the remainder of his life was devoted to benevolent enterprises and Christian endeavor; and when he passed away in his sleep in April 1854, Sheffield honored him with a public funeral, and an enduring monument was erected to his memory. Dr. Julian is high authority on Montgomery, and makes the following fine characterization of him as a hymnist: "With the

faith of a strong man he united the beauty and simplicity of a child. Richly poetic without exuberance, dogmatic without uncharitableness, tender without sentimentality, elaborate without diffusiveness, richly musical without apparent effort, he has bequeathed to the Church of Christ wealth which could only come from a true genius and a sanctified heart."

Montgomery's hymns and versions of the Psalms number about four hundred, and Dr. Julian says that something like one hundred are in common use in the various English-speaking Churches. It can hardly be questioned that his most popular hymn is entitled What is Prayer?

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
  Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
  That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
  The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
  When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
  That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
  The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
  The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
  He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

In a strict sense of the word, this is not a hymn, but a beautiful didactic poem, conveying instruction, and is the best definition of prayer ever put in verse. Montgomery says he received more testimonials of approbation of this "hymn" than of anything else he wrote, an indication that it has appealed to the hearts of a great many Christian people. Forever with the Lord, is a hymn of much merit—some think it is Montgomery's best—and sung to the music by Sir A. S. Sullivan it has become exceedingly popular.

It was his custom to write a hymn for the Whit-Monday gathering of Sunday School children of Sheffield, and in February 1832 he wrote,

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand.

Every year for a quarter of a century this hymn was sung at Sheffield by twenty thousand children gathered in one body.

Montgomery wrote much, and we are told that "those who can distinguish the fine gold from the sounding brass of poetry must place his name high in the list of British poets." But toward the close

of his life a friend asked him, "Which of your poems will live?" He answered in an earnest, impressive tone, "None sir; nothing except perhaps a few of my hymns."

Sir John Bowring, born at Exeter, England, in 1792, and died in 1872, was indeed "a universal genius." While celebrated as a man of letters, he was also a statesman. He served as consul at Hong Kong, China, and was Governor of Hong Kong; twice a member of Parliament; and "as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the Siamese and Hawaiian Kingdoms to the European Governments, he concluded treaties with Holland, Belgium, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, and Sweden."

He had an astonishingly large acquaintance with the various tongues of the world. He could speak fluently twenty-two languages, and his biographer says it was Bowring's boast that he could converse in one hundred, which surpasses the remarkable linguistic ability of Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith" of America.

But the name of John Bowring will be longest remembered by the hymn,

In the Cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

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SIR JOHN BOWRING.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way:
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

It may surprise some readers to learn that this hymn came from a Unitarian source, Bowring being a member of that denomination. But it will delight them to be told that he was sincere in his faith, and was eminently evangelical in his life. He always gloried in the Cross of Christ, and the beautiful inscription, In the Cross of Christ I Glory, is wrought in bold letters on the monument that marks his resting place.

This is a noble hymn. Attractive in literary merit, and permeated by a deep devotional feeling, it has found a place in almost every hymnal of the evangelical faith; and its service is coextensive with the language.

The Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, D. D. and his wife have been missionaries in China for nearly thirty years; and at the present time the doctor is engaged in revising the "Mandarin edition" of the Bible. They and their children were in the British legation during that desolating struggle—the siege of Peking,

in the summer of 1900. On her return to the United States in the autumn of that year, Mrs. Goodrich told of the awful experiences of the diplomats and missionaries; and in a manner that thrilled her hearers she related how after relief came she with others visited the Temple of Heaven, where no one but the Chinese Emperor had offered prayer, and he only once a year. Notwithstanding the Empress Dowager, tired of hearing so much about the Cross, had caused its shape to be eradicated from the National coin, the saved missionaries gathered about the royal marble altar in this heathen temple, and sang the hymn—which better than all others expressed the heroism of their faith—In the Cross of Christ I Glory. At that sacred and yet thrilling moment, the second stanza of the hymn must have come to that little band of brave Christian hearts with a meaning never before understood:

> When the woes of life o'ertake me,
> Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
> Never shall the Cross forsake me;
> Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

Bowring wrote several fine hymns, and one that is almost as widely known as In the Cross of Christ I Glory, is Watchmen, Tell us of the Night. It was written in 1825, and the first time he knew that it was being used as a hymn was ten years later, when he attended a prayer-meeting of American missionaries in Asiatic Turkey, and heard it sung by them.

Thomas Hastings fills a unique position among

American hymnologists. He was a Presbyterian layman, a composer of great ability, and wrote more hymns than any other American. He was born in Connecticut in 1784. His father was a physician, and in 1786 moved to Clinton, Oneida county, New York. His love of music began to develop when he was a mere child, and in his early boyhood he exhibited rare ability as a musician. At twenty-one he commenced training Church choirs, and successfully followed the business at Troy, Albany, Utica, and in 1832 he was invited to New York City, where he remained till his death in 1872. During those forty years his activity and influence in the musical world were very great. His publications pertaining to Church music aggregate fifty separate volumes, and for most of these he composed an enormous number of tunes, and wrote many hymns.

Dr. Hastings is better known as a composer of tunes than a writer of hymns. It is said that his compositions number not less than one thousand, but a majority of them are still in manuscript form. His music is so universally admired that it would be difficult to find a Church hymnal of the present day that does not contain some of his tunes. He is credited with the authorship of some five hundred hymns, most of which were written for his own music, and as to their use Professor Bird, in Dr. Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology, says: "If we take the aggregate of American hymnals published during the past fifty years, or for any portion of that time, more hymns

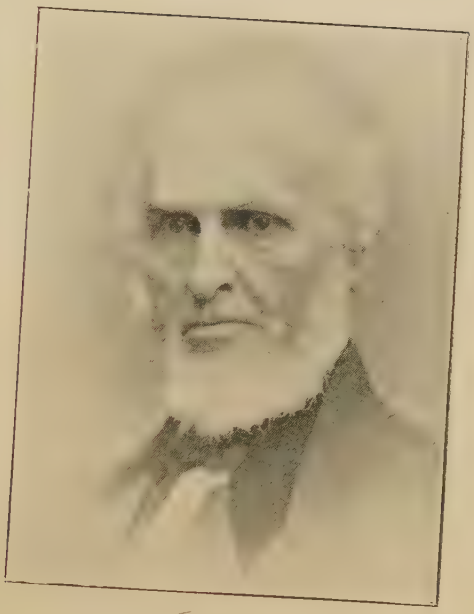
by Hastings are found in common use than by any other native writer." One of his many hymns which have gained general currency and are greatly beloved, is Gently Lead Us:

Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Through the trials yet decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Hastings made no pretensions to being a Church poet; but it seemed necessary that he should write words which would accord with the varied sentiment of his numerous tunes, hence his hymns were vastly multiplied; and many of them have been successful in elevating song worship. He wrote two magnificent missionary hymns—Now be the Gospel Banner—composed for a Utica Sunday School celebration in 1830; and Hail to the Brightness of Zion's glad Morning, both of which are found in many hymnals in America and in several in Great Britain.

Dr. Hastings has left us nothing that stands as



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

high as some productions of men and women of genius in Church hymnody, but his hymns have the strong point of being "pleasing and tasteful in conception and diction, and rich in Scriptural teaching and Christian sentiment."

John Greenleaf Whittier, one of the most saintly and lovable of American poets, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807, and lived to a sweet old age—dying in 1892. He belonged to "that wondrous band of poets and prose writers that have glorified New England, and that for so many years represented all that was highest and best in American literature."

The life of this Quaker poet was full of charming faith and hope. He may not have had the "versatility of Holmes, the wit of Lowell, or the culture of Longfellow, but his note of sweet sincerity will keep his name and fame alive as long as theirs." It has been said of him that with or without genius, "he had for more than sixty years been writing verse that sustained the weak, encouraged the oppressed, inspired the disheartened, put new life and hope into the despondent, that lifted weeping eyes and failing hearts to the Eternal Goodness." Whittier's hymns are all good, are all beautiful, and one of the tenderest, and possibly the best of them, is the following:

*Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

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Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He:
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

This delightful hymn, which in many books is made to begin with the third stanza, has endeared the author to millions of Christians. Like other of Whittier's sacred verse, it is a song of the soul, beautiful in its tenderness, and has become a favorite in England as well as in America. The hymn has been taken from a poem entitled Our Master, which consists of thirty-five stanzas. Nearly all of his hymns

used in public worship are cantos from poems of considerable length. Of himself as a hymnist he says: "I am really not a hymn-writer for the good reason that I know nothing of music. Only very few of my poems were written for singing. A good hymn is the best use to which poetry can be devoted, but I do not claim that I have succeeded in composing one."

Apropos of Whittier's poetic genius is the magnificent hymn written for the opening of the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia, in 1876. It begins with the immortal lines,

> Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
> The centuries fall like grains of sand.

In all the range of poetry, one cannot find two lines which have more completeness, or loftier sublimity, than these.

The lasting influence of Whittier's hymns is suggested in these lines from The New York Tribune: "Away yonder in the coming time when a great deal of what passes for art has crumbled, and a great deal of what is called genius has gone out, the weary and doubting ones of this world will be taking fresh courage and renewing their trust from Whittier's simple lines,

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air,
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, born at Cambridge,

Massachusetts, in 1809, and passing away two years after Whittier, was one of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century. His versatility was unparalleled among American scholars. Distinguished in the department of exact science, he was also famous in the realm of humor, romance, and poetry.

In The Professor at the Breakfast Table, Holmes closes one of the chapters with a Sun-day Hymn:

*Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindly hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

These lines were written in 1848 and were published in The Atlantic Monthly in December, 1859. It is a hymn of surpassing excellence. On the omnipres-

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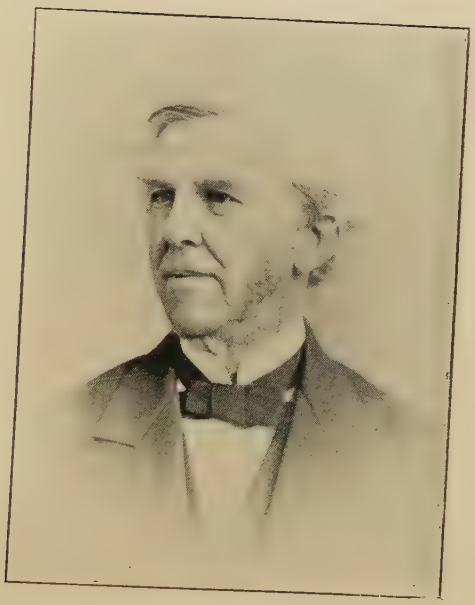


OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ence of God, there is nothing else in the English tongue to compare with it. It is a poem of absolute faultlessness: it is a true hymn, complete with deep religious feeling and worship; and sublimer imagery was never put in Church song.

In The Professor at the Breakfast Table, published in The Atlantic for November, 1859, is a Hymn of Trust, that in poetic charm and tenderness of feeling is perhaps equal to Lord of all Being. The first stanza reads,

> O love divine, that stooped to share
> Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
> On Thee we cast each earthborn care;
> We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Holmes wrote some brilliant novels and much felicitous verse which will live a long time, but nothing he produced of that sort will last like these two hymns. I cannot refrain from exclaiming with our good English friend, Dr. Horder: "Oh that the man who could write such hymns had written more!"

Such hymns as these have come out of life's Christian experiences, and have a perennial freshness and beauty in them. They are the "silent ministers" God sends us to help poor mortals Heavenward; and their use and influence are not disturbed by the chances and changes which take place in the affairs of men and nations. Generations come and go, creeds rise and fall, kingdoms and governments are established and pass away; but through all these changing scenes of creation and destruction, these great heart-songs and the worship they inspire will endure.

XXIX.

Woman's Songs in Evangelism.

IT is no wonder that some of the sweetest and yet the most stirring hymns the world has ever sung have been written by woman. She has the right of way in singing songs of the redemption story. Does the reader remember that during Christ's ministry woman never raised her voice in the clamor against Him? And it is a touching illustration of His sympathy and holy affection for woman, that He never uttered to her a word other than of tenderness and forgiveness. The advent of Christ was the great inauguration day of woman. It meant that a new life, a livelier hope, and a grander mission, were to be given to the womanhood of the world.

Frances Elizabeth Willard suggests that forever blessed to every woman must be the thought enshrined in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's matchless verse:

> Not she with trait'rous kiss her Savior stung;
> Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
> She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
> Last at His Cross, and earliest at His grave.

Woman takes a high place in gospel hymnody. The influence of her songs is as widespread as Christianity itself. In the revival movements which have

swept over the land and the world during the past thirty years, they have done an immeasurable service in the cause of Christ's kingdom. I wish to call the attention of the reader to a few bright names among women whose songs have been conspicuously identified with the more modern religious movements.

Mr. Sankey says that the hymns of Mrs. Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne are sung more to-day in revivals and praise meetings than those of any other living person in the world. She was born in New York in 1823, has been blind from tender infancy, was educated in the New York Institution for the Blind, and is still living in that city. From her early girlhood her heart has been a well-spring of poetry; and for a full third of a century she has been pouring her gospel songs into the hearts and ears of millions of people. Mrs. Van Alstyne has written an enormous number of sacred songs—three thousand is perhaps a fair estimate—and although the voices of two continents are united in singing many of her hymns, none of them, with but two or three exceptions, have been incorporated in the hymnals of the Churches. But in gospel song-books, used extensively in Sunday Schools and praise services, more of her compositions will be found than those of any other writer in the history of sacred song. Among her finer and more familiar hymns are the following:

Pass me not, O gentle Savior.
Rescue the Perishing.
I am Thine, O Lord.
Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine.
Jesus, keep me near the Cross.
'Tis the blessed hour of prayer.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.
Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.
Great is Jehovah, King of kings.
Some day the silver cord will break.

The title of the last hymn is Saved by Grace, and was written in 1891. Mr. Moody was exceedingly fond of it, and once expressed the opinion that it would live to become one of the greatest of revival hymns. Many of Mrs. Van Alstyne's songs have been popularized by the winning tunes composed by Dr. William Howard Doane of Cincinnati. He is a Baptist and she a Methodist, but bells never chimed more sweetly than his music and her verse; and in many lands the songs are effectively serving the cause of evangelism. Her verses have attracted the attention of more composers of gospel music than the products of any other hymnist of the nineteenth century; and in the list are found such names as George F. Root, Mr. Sankey, George C. Stebbins, Hart P. Danks, William B. Bradbury, S. J. Vail, Thomas E. Perkins, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, William F. Sherwin, and almost a score of others.

Many of Mrs. Van Alstyne's hymns which the public prize the most were suggested by striking circumstances. "She has stood upon the platform at Moody's Institute at Northfield, with the wisest and

most profound teachers in the world," and from their words she caught the inspiration to write some of her later, and possibly her finer hymns. How many of her compositions will survive the disaster that comes to numerous gospel songs which are kept afloat for a few years only by "catchy" tunes, cannot be conjectured; but the late Dr. Lowry, who edited a volume of Mrs. Van Alstyne's poems in 1897, thinks it is safe to say that "of the hymns which have come up from the throbbings of her heart, there will be found in the ultimate sifting no inconsiderable number that the world will not willingly let die."

It is strange in a sense that the simplest of all her songs, Safe in the Arms of Jesus, is her favorite, and perhaps it is the most popular. But the tune, which was composed by Dr. Doane on a railway train, has greatly stimulated the circulation of the song. The air, it is said, was played at the funeral of President Garfield; and it was the favorite air with the band at the funeral of General Grant on the seventh of August, 1885.

But Rescue the Perishing is no doubt Mrs. Van Alstyne's most powerful song in mission enterprises, and has rescued many a life from wretchedness and crime. And Mr. Stead says that in 1885, in the outburst of public feeling in England that followed the publication of The Maiden Tribute, Rescue the Perishing was the hymn that was always sung at every public meeting in connection with that agitation.

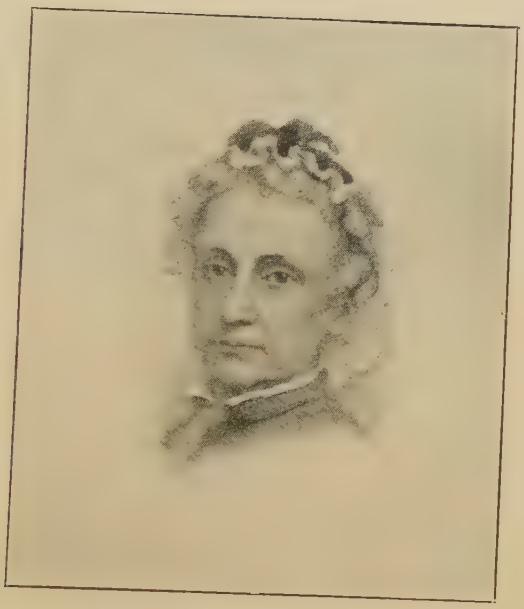
In all the treasure-house of gospel songs there

cannot be found a more tender, heart-felt prayer than the hymn,

> More love to Thee, O Christ,
> More love to Thee!
> Hear Thou the prayer I make,
> On bended knee;
> This is my earnest plea,
> More love, O Christ, to Thee,
> More love to Thee!

It was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, born in Portland, Maine, in 1818. In 1845 she became the wife of Professor George Lewis Prentiss, a Presbyterian minister, but for many years a teacher of pastoral theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York city. She was a voluminous writer, and the reader has not forgotten her Stepping Heavenward, which reached a sale of over 200,000 copies in the United States, and in a translated form had a wide circulation in foreign lands. From early womanhood Mrs. Prentiss was invalided, and died in the height of her literary fame in 1878.

It is by one hymn that her name will be perpetuated. It is one of the many beautiful prayers in verse that have flowed from the great heart of woman, and will long remain one of the precious treasures of the Church. The date of the hymn is probably 1856, a year that was full of keen suffering and "of sharp conflicts of soul, and of peace and joy." Sorrow after sorrow came to her which brought many "care-worn days and sleepless nights;" and out of this trying experience came this hymn-prayer as a minis-



ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

tering angel for our guidance, for the inspiration of our faith, and for the strengthening of our hope.

When Mrs. Prentiss's sorrows gave birth to More Love to Thee, her estimate of its value to the Church was so modest that she did not show it to her husband till several years after; and when it was first published, about 1869, and its popularity spread far and wide, she was filled with wonder.

The hymn is so beautiful in form, so delicate in thought, and so pure in spirit, that its use has become almost universal. It was exceedingly popular in China, and when the Christian converts among the natives heard of Mrs. Prentiss's death, they caused the words of the hymn to be wrought most artistically in Chinese characters on a fan of exquisite workmanship, and presented it to Dr. Prentiss as a token of their appreciation of its great service in the mission fields of that country.

One afternoon in the winter of 1860, Mrs. Ellen Huntington Gates of Newark, New Jersey—sister of the late Collis Potter Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific railway—wrote a little poem entitled Your Mission, the first stanza reading,

> If you cannot on the ocean
> Sail among the swiftest fleet,
> Rocking on the highest billows,
> Laughing at the storms you meet;
> You can stand among the sailors,
> Anchored yet within the bay;
> You can lend a hand to help them
> As they launch their boats away.

Mrs. Gates did not expect the lines would be called a hymn, or that they would ever be sung; but the "Singing Pilgrim"—the late Philip Phillips—found them in a newspaper, set them to good music, and the song had an historic mission especially during the Civil War. I will let Mr. Sankey tell an interesting circumstance connected with the early use of the song:

"Away back in the first dark days of the war a young man with a remarkable voice was invited to sing in the Senate Chamber at Washington, at a meeting of the United States Christian Commission, which had met under the presidency of the Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State under President Lincoln. The hall was crowded with leading statesmen, prominent generals of the army, and friends of the Union. The song selected on this occasion was Your Mission. The audience was spellbound as the singer went on from verse to verse, until he reached the fifth stanza, which roused the meeting into great enthusiasm. The climax of the song was attained in this verse, which seemed so well fitted for the hour:

If you cannot in the conflict
  Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
  There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
  You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
  You can cover up the dead.

The great heart of Lincoln, who sat near the singer, was profoundly moved, and he hurriedly wrote the following note which was handed to Mr. Seward:

'Near the close let us have Your Mission repeated by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it.

A. LINCOLN.'

The song was repeated, and this incident was heralded throughout the country by the public press, thus calling attention to the wonderful power there is in appropriate song well sung by a single voice to rouse and thrill a great audience."

Mrs. Gates also wrote Oh, the Clanging Bells of Time; and Home of the Soul—beginning with the line, I will Sing you a Song of that Beautiful Land. Both have considerable merit, and are widely known and often sung.

It is the hymn of unaffected simplicity and of true spiritual ring that gains popularity and captures the hearts of the people. One of the simplest songs in the books is I Need Thee Every Hour. The writer of the hymn was Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks of Brooklyn, New York. The words had the good fortune to be adapted to music composed by the late Dr. Lowry, and were first sung at the National Baptist Sunday School Convention held in Cincinnati in 1872, the doctor adding the chorus to give the hymn greater strength and completeness.

Some years since an ex-convict of the State Penitentiary at Concord, Massachusetts, built a humble but tasteful house for himself and his faithful wife;

and when it was finished he asked Mr. Batt, his former chaplain, to assist him in properly dedicating it. The man whose hard life had been changed largely by the influence of gospel songs, had the wisdom of a Solomon and the humility of a saint when he chose I Need Thee Every Hour as the keynote of the unique and impressive service. The song was a "spiritual tonic" to him while manfully serving the sentence of the law.

Mrs. Hawks was a member of Dr. Lowry's Church in Brooklyn, and perceiving that she had some poetic gift he induced her to try hymn-writing, and the chief result of his good office is I Need Thee Every Hour. The lines are simple but warm with the spirit of true worship, and their usefulness is of wide extent.

Thousands of hearts have been refreshed by the delightful hymn called Even Me:

> Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
> Thou art scattering full and free;
> Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
> Let some drops now fall on me,
> Even me.

Its author is Mrs. Elizabeth Codner of Somersetshire, England. We are told that she "modestly courts obscurity," but unconsciously she made a lasting name for herself in writing this hymn. It is good poetry, and glows with pure spiritual emotion. It has been influential at foreign missions, and is found in almost all the leading hymnals in the United States.

The personal history of the hymn seems to be this: In 1860 Mrs. Codner met a party of young friends over whom she was watching with anxious hope; she heard their report of the great religious awakening which they had witnessed in Ireland; those children were dear to her heart, and she longed to impress upon them an earnest, individual appeal; in a quiet hour on the Sunday following the meeting of the young people, the true expression of her feelings was translated into this hymn; and in 1861 she published it as a leaflet, and it did not return unto her void. Mrs. Codner writes that she has received many sweet tokens of the influence of the hymn. A young British officer, dying in India, sent his Bible home with the hymn pasted on one of the fly-leaves as a memorial of his conversion. The Rev. E. P. Hammond, the evangelist, tells of a mother utterly abandoned to evil, who was thoroughly inspired to Christian living by hearing the hymn sung in one of the Presbyterian Churches in New York city.

On this side of the water Even Me is sung to the expressive music composed by William Batchelder Bradbury, in which he caught in a remarkable degree the splendid spirit of the hymn.

In 1866 Miss Katherine Hankey, the daughter of a London banker, wrote the life of Jesus in a poem consisting of fifty-five stanzas. From this poem two notable hymns have been taken, one of which begins with the lines,

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

The circumstance that brought the hymn to public attention in the United States and numbered it with the favorite and helpful gospel songs, is related by Dr. Doane, the composer:

"In 1867 I was attending the International meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at Montreal. Among those present was Major-General Russell, then in command of the English forces during the Fenian excitement. He rose in the great meeting and read the words of the song from a sheet of paper, the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks. I was very much impressed, and immediately requested the privilege of making a copy. I wrote the music for the song while on the stage-coach one hot summer afternoon between the Glenn Falls House and the Crawford House in the White Mountains. That evening we sang it in the parlors of the hotel, and thought it pretty, though we scarcely anticipated the popularity that it subsequently attained."

The second hymn from the same poem is I Love to Tell the Story, for which Professor Fischer composed the music. Both hymns are used extensively

in revival and mission work, and the first has been called for in many languages including Welsh, German, Italian, and Spanish. Tell me the Old, Old Story, As to a little child, has been told millions of times, and simple as the song is, our better natures are touched by it and "the most obdurate of us become children again."

A song that has been blest with signal success in many gospel temperance movements is entitled What Shall the Harvest Be?

> Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
> Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
> Sowing the seed by the fading light,
> Sowing the seed in the solemn night.
> Oh, what shall the harvest be?
> Oh, what shall the harvest be?

The lines were written by Mrs. Emily Sullivan Oakey, who was born in Albany, New York, in 1829; was graduated from the Albany Female Academy in 1850; and in that institution she taught English literature, logic, Latin, German, and French until her death in 1883. The song was written in 1850, but was not generally known until Mr. Sankey included it among his solos, the music being composed especially for it by Mr. P. P. Bliss. Mrs. Oakey wrote a volume of poetry entitled At the Foot of Parnassus, but Sowing the Seed is her only contribution to the cause of evangelism.

Once Messrs. Moody and Sankey were holding a gospel temperance revival in Chicago, and a man who had been fettered by the vice of drink for sixteen

years, attended the services. He had held a high social position, but an evil day pressed him and he fell. One night he went to the Tabernacle and heard Mr. Sankey sing What Shall the Harvest Be? with that sympathetic fervor of which he is master. He was not much affected till the third stanza was sung:

> Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
> Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
> Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
> Sowing the seed of eternal shame.
> Oh, what shall the harvest be?
> Oh, what shall my harvest be?

These lines so vividly described the man's own despairing life that he wrote them down in his pass-book, and for the moment was roused to the inflexible purpose to break the chain that had long bound him to the deadly enemy. But the struggle was a hard one, and again he fell. Still the intensive refrain rang in his ear day and night, and once more he nerved himself for the fight. New strength came to him in a few days; the chain was broken; the man was clothed in his right mind; and he finally stood before the open face of the world a converted man.

The sequel of this man's conversion, which I take from The Youth's Companion, is very touching: "Before Mr. Sankey left Chicago this same man came to him and said: 'Here is a letter I want to read to you. It is from my little girl. My wife and I have been separated eight years and I have not seen them in all that time.' With eyes suffused with

tears he read: 'Papa, I knew you would come back to us sometime. I knew the Lord would find you, for I have been praying for you all these years.'"

Before the discovery of The Ninety and Nine by Mr. Sankey in 1874, no solo sung by him during the tour of the evangelists abroad, produced more remarkable results than that beginning with the lines,

> What means this eager, anxious throng,
> Which moves with busy haste along;
> These wondrous gatherings day by day?
> What means this strange commotion, pray?
> In accents hushed the throng replied:
> "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

The song is more familiarly known by the last line of the impressive refrain. In 1864 a powerful revival of religion was in progress at Newark, New Jersey; and on a Saturday afternoon one of the largest churches in the city was thronged to hear Mr. R. G. Pardee give an informal talk on the answer given to blind Bartimeus: "They told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." In the audience was Miss Etta Campbell, who was deeply moved by the service. Returning to her home, with the words of the speaker fresh in her mind, she wrote this hymn. After the passing of many years people may forget the singer, but the world will long remember the song.

For sometime after the hymn was written Miss Campbell was a teacher in Morristown, New Jersey. She wrote another hymn, Come, ye Children, Sweetly Sing, that has been frequently used in this country

and Great Britain. The tune which has contributed much to the popularity and power of Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By, was composed expressly for the words by Mr. Theodore E. Perkins.

A writer in Leisure Hours, an English publication, says that in none of the hymns sung by Mr. Sankey during his tour with Mr. Moody in Great Britain, did he more clearly and feelingly "sing the gospel" than in Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By. "The effect produced by his expression, warmth of feeling, and the pathetic wording of the last stanza, was almost indescribable." There is not a more interesting chapter in the history of the work of Moody and Sankey both at home and abroad, than that which tells of the trophies of Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By. Audiences composed of many thousands were time and again thrilled to the very soul by the song, and multitudes found in it the way to a new life.

Mr. Isaac R. Diller, once a prominent politician of Chicago, went from worse to worse under the influence of degrading associations. In relating his experience in one of Mr. Moody's meetings he said the first intimation he had from God's Spirit was when he heard Mr. Sankey sing Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By. The song came home to him with such force that he began to wonder if Jesus had passed him by. He could not steal away from that awful thought, and broke down under its weight. Jesus had not passed him by; and in the great meetings he stood as a shin-

ing illustration of how the soul of man can be revolutionized by the gospel preached in song.

Of the one hundred and twenty-three songs written by women and published in Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, comprising Gospel Hymns Consolidated, none is more impressive than,

> Work, for the night is coming,
> Work through the morning hours;
> Work, while the dew is sparkling,
> Work 'mid springing flowers;
> Work, when the day grows brighter,
> Work in the glowing sun;
> Work, for the night is coming,
> When man's work is done.

This hymn was written in 1860 by Miss Anna L. Walker of Canada (now Mrs. Coghill), and was first published in 1868. It is a timely hymn, and has been more helpful than the best sermon ever written on the solemn text in St. John's Gospel: "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." The hymn has been much popularized by the delightful music of Lowell Mason; and besides doing valuable service in evangelistic meetings, it is often used in public worship. Mr. Stead says that when the Darlington (England) School Board was wrestling with the religious difficulties, a local disciple of Mr. Bradlaugh subjected Sankey's hymns to a critical examination, with the result that this hymn, Work for the Night is Coming, was declared to be the "only one that could be used by the Board Schools without

giving offence to the Secularist conscience." However much the follower of Charles Bradlaugh was imbued with the spirit of "freethinking," he could appreciate the significant lesson taught in this Christian hymn.

Another gospel hymn that has a good deal of merit, and has been often sung in evangelistic services, is Mrs. Lydia Baxter's Gates Ajar. The hymn was written in 1872 for the use of Mr. Silas J. Vail, who composed the music to which it is universally sung. Mrs. Baxter was born in Petersburgh, New York, in 1809, and died in 1874. From early life she was connected with the Baptist Church; and although she was invalided most of the time, her influence in all Christian activities was one of the marvels of her very useful life. Mrs. Baxter published a volume of poems entitled Gems by the Wayside, in which are several hymns, but chiefest among them is The Gates Ajar. Its power in many religious revivals has been very great. In history it is associated with the tragic death of Miss Maggie Lindsay of Scotland, who was converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Edinburgh, and twenty-eight days after was mortally injured in a railway wreck when on her way to Aberdeen. She was reading Mr. Sankey's hymn-book when the terrible crash came, and her favorite hymn, The Gates Ajar, was marked with pathetic emphasis. While lying on a stretcher, with life fast passing away, she uttered "with bleeding lips," the touching refrain,

O depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?

Miss Willard calls The Ninety and Nine the chief gospel hymn of our era. It certainly has made much history in the past twenty-five years; and when sung by a good voice, seasoned with grace and soul-feeling, it is one of the most effective of sacred solos. Mr. Sankey gives this graphic account of the popularizing of the hymn:

"In May, 1874, when taking the train at Glasgow for Edinburgh with Mr. Moody, I went over the newspapers to see if I could find any news from home. I was home-sick, and wanted to hear from there; and glancing over the papers I saw a dispatch headed, 'Light from Across the Waters,' so I gladly bought that paper. We got into the carriage, which Mr. Moody and I had to ourselves. As we sat there I read the paper through, and at last my eyes fell on one corner—up where the poetry is usually found—and there I saw the lines,

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.

I said to myself, 'That's a good hymn,' and I went through it. I read a good many hymns, but read only the first line, for if a hymn does not have a good first line, you may as well put it out of the door. I shouted out to Mr. Moody, I have found the hymn I have been looking for so long; it is about the lost sheep that was found and brought home on the Master's shoulders. But as I started to read the

hymn he began to read a letter he had received from Chicago; so I said to myself, 'You will hear from this later.' I felt this was a hymn that would live. It thrilled my very soul; and I tore it out of the paper and put it in my old scrap-book.

"We reached Edinburgh, and on the second day there was a meeting in Free Assembly Hall, and the sermon by Mr. Moody was on the Good Shepherd giving His life for the sheep, which was followed by a brief address by Dr. Horatius Bonar. The audience had been very attentive, and the hall was as still as death when the minister closed. Just at that supreme moment Mr. Moody came to me and asked; 'Mr. Sankey, have you anything appropriate for this meeting?' For the life of me I could think of nothing but the Twenty-third Psalm, and that we had sung three times. But suddenly the thought came to me, sing the hymn you found on the train. Then the second thought came as quick as a flash, How can you sing the hymn without a tune? A third thought came to me, and I listened to that, and taking up my scrap-book I lifted my heart to God. I never sang a song in all those years without asking God to help me. I started on the key of A flat, not knowing just where I would land. I got through the first verse, but the burden came again when I thought, Can you do that again? I was very much frightened. But I started again and got along, and when the fifth verse came I felt like shouting for joy, for I heard a great sigh come up from the

audience and I knew that I had done well. Mr. Moody came over to me and asked: 'Where did you get that?' I looked up through my tears—for I was weeping—and so were those Scotch people who are very hard to move to tears; and I answered: 'Mr. Moody, that is the hymn I read on the train and you did not hear it.' Then he replied: 'I never heard anything like it before.'

"I have tried several times to change the tune to suit musical critics, but God would not allow one note to be changed."

While the audience was being thrilled at the singing of the new song, a woman sat back in one of the galleries. She was moved to tears by the hymn, although the lines were not new to her. The wonderful impressiveness of the scene was so touchingly associated with the memory of one so dear to her that she experienced an intensity of emotion. She was unable to speak to Mr. Sankey "in the confusion that followed the close of the service;" but when he reached Dundee a few days later, he received a letter from her written at Melrose, in which she said: "I thank you for having sung the other day my deceased sister's words. She wrote them five years ago." It was not until Mr. Sankey read this letter that he knew the authorship of the hymn, as it was published anonymously in the newspaper from which he clipped it.

The poem was written by Miss Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, at Melrose, Scotland, probably in 1868.

She was born in Edinburgh in 1830, and died near Melrose in 1869. She wrote a number of hymns, and some time after the incident at Free Assembly Hall, Mr. Sankey had the privilege of examining all of them, but only one, besides The Ninety and Nine, was suitable for a musical setting.

This hymn had a peculiar power over the Scotch people. When Moody and Sankey went into a part of Scotland where the words of the song were particularly appreciated, they had "the satisfaction of seeing in the great open-air gatherings which they held, grizzled, weather-beaten shepherds, men of the mountains, who had come from long distances, with their staves and rough clothes, standing there with tears rolling down their cheeks as they listened to the song story of the shepherd and the lost sheep. That appealed to them as nothing else could."

I find in a little book printed in Edinburgh, a story to the effect that a few years after Mr. Sankey discovered The Ninety and Nine, Mr. Moody and he were making an evangelistic tour in the "up country," in Michigan, I believe—where rough men were engaged in "lumbering." At one place there lived a man who was not only a skeptic, but a bold, defiant scoffer, and he refused to attend the meetings. But one evening Mr. Sankey sang The Ninety and Nine with masterful tenderness, and the words were wafted to the man's home near by; they caught his ear, and finally sank deep into his heart. The next morning, led by his better nature, he sought the revivalists,

told them his experience, asked for their prayers, and his life became thoroughly changed.

Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, formerly of Chicago, a sacred solo singer of great ability and wide reputation, says she does not know of any religious song so popular as The Ninety and Nine. When on concert tours it would be called for more frequently than any other sacred song. Once she visited the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus, when the chaplain requested her to sing this hymn. She responded, and those hardened men sat listening with tears coursing down their faces; and the scene was so intensely affecting that it was only with much difficulty that she finished the hymn.

It is perhaps true that The Ninety and Nine has rapidly attained a high position among modern gospel hymns chiefly because of the pathos and warmth of feeling with which it is always sung by Mr. Sankey and other capable singers of sacred song. And whether this and other beautiful gospel hymns and melodies shall continue to live and touch human hearts, depends on how many Sankeys and Johnstone-Bishops and Stebbinses and Blisses can be found in the Churches of the coming generations to dedicate their voices to the singing of helpful mission songs.

In the bright annals of woman in sacred song we find many hymns which have come warm from the heart, but only those which have been born of striking circumstances, or are notable in having made important history, can be considered without depart-

ing from the predetermined scope of this volume.

Woman's songs in evangelism is a theme of peculiar interest. The lives of those who have made rich contributions to our gospel hymnody, have been splendid anthems of praise. Women often write in the minor key—probably because "what they learn in suffering they teach in song—" but herein lies the secret of the preciousness and power of their songs. As long as human hearts know joy and sorrow, these beautiful hymns—sweet and Christ-like from the souls of women—will be loved and tenderly preserved by the Church.

XXX.

"Moody and Sankey Songs."

NO hymns have made such striking history during the past thirty years as some of those familiarly called "Moody and Sankey Songs." That designation, or classification of hymns, while originally restricted to the words and tunes intended for evangelistic purposes, has come to include a vast number of songs that are extensively used in Sunday Schools and in the praise services of the Church.

There has been plenty of debate and wide disagreement over these gospel hymns and tunes. There are many devout persons who can find spiritual uplift and comfort only in the stately and intellectual tones furnished by the masters of verse and music. Their hearts cannot be warmed nor their religious enthusiasm roused by the simple and emotional songs of the more modern writers and composers of revival hymns. In this connection I recall a remark once made by Mr. Sankey and published in the public press, which was to the effect that the "Sankey tunes," as he himself called them, were useful only in kindling momentary enthusiasm, and were not suitable for regular public worship. Many of us bow to the fact that much of the so-called gospel music is hopelessly insipid, yet there is a considerable portion of it that

is helpful as an accompaniment to the progressive, evangelistic, and missionary spirit of the Church. The function of gospel songs is to touch the common throng, and to kindle a fervor of soul in multitudes who cannot be moved by any other class of music.

No evangelist in history more keenly appreciated the power of songs in evangelism than Dwight Lyman Moody. He was not a singer himself; he knew nothing of music; but he could feel music, and was alive to the fact that gospel hymns were a necessary complement to his sermon. He was after immediate results, which could be obtained only by the use of song that would awaken the emotional sympathy of an audience. It made no difference to Mr. Moody how grace or salvation came to women and men so it came by rightful means.

A name preeminent in American gospel hymnody and music is Philip Paul Bliss. He was born at Rome, Pennsylvania, in 1838. "He loved music like a bird." He went to Chicago in 1864 and became associated with the music house of Root & Cady, of which George Frederick Root was the head. Mr. Bliss fell under the charming influence of the noted composer, who conceived a great liking for the young singer. His deep bass voice was as musical and captivating as it was powerful; and it was wholly consecrated to Christian service. In 1874 he was invited to join Major W. D. Whittle in conducting evangelistic meetings in the same way that Mr. Sankey assisted Mr. Moody. They visited all the principal

cities of the West and South, and by sermon and song thousands of burdened hearts found sweet comfort, and many lives were turned from evil to righteousness.

In 1876 Mr. and Mrs. Bliss made a Christmas visit to his mother at Rome, and were returning to Chicago on the train that went down into the river in the appalling bridge disaster near Ashtabula, Ohio, on the wild night of December twenty-ninth. When the train fell, Mr. Bliss escaped through a broken window, but returned to save his wife, and both were lost. In his boyhood Mr. Bliss united with the Baptist Church, but on his removal to Chicago, he joined the First Congregational Church, of which the late Dr. Edward P. Goodwin was pastor.

Mr. Bliss's hymns and tunes are numerous. In the Gospel Hymns Consolidated, of which mention was made in the previous chapter, he has thirty-seven tunes to words of other writers, and thirty-four of his own hymns are set to his music. The songs by which he is best known in most English-speaking countries, are the following, both words and music being his own:

Whosoever Will.
The Light of the World is Jesus.
Let the Lower Lights be Burning.
Hold the Fort.
Almost Persuaded.
Only an Armor-Bearer.
Pull for the Shore.
Wonderful Words of Life.
When Jesus Comes.
Hallelujah, 'tis Done.

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When Jesus Comes.
Hallelujah, 'tis Done.

These songs have had an immense circulation, and their usefulness is beyond human calculation. Never in the whole course of Christianity have any songs been the means of bringing salvation to so many lives, in so brief a period, as those by Mr. Bliss; and in many countries, and in various tongues, their use is still large.

Mr. Bliss possessed a surprising aptitude for utilizing passing incidents in the composition of his songs. In the winter of 1869-70 the gifted pulpit orator, Henry Moorhouse of London, preached seven successive nights to overflowing houses in Chicago, on the one text in St. John's Gospel: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." Mr. Bliss heard the sermon, and out of that circumstance came the words and music of Whosoever Will. His songs are nearly always brightened with hope and cheer, but there is one notable exception. Almost Persuaded is the most solemn and wailful of all his compositions. He heard his friend, the Rev. Mr. Brundage, preach a sermon in 1871, which closed with these words: "He who is almost persuaded, is almost saved; but to be almost saved is to be entirely lost." These impressive words suggested the hymn that has become a potent influence in gospel work. When Moody and Sankey were holding services in Dr. Reed's Church in Philadelphia, Almost Persuaded was sung several times, and at the close of one of the meetings

PHILIP PAUL BLISS.

a lawyer, who had been deeply affected by the grave import of the words and "the wistful wail of the music," met the evangelists and said that he was not only "almost," but altogether persuaded, to live a Christian life.

Years ago in the wrecking of a vessel, a life-boat saved the captain and sixteen sailors; and in abandoning the old wreck the crew were told that there was nothing more to do but to "pull for the shore." Mr. Bliss spiritualized the incident and wrote one of the most stirring of his compositions. Mr. Moody once gave a graphic description of a wreck in the Cleveland harbor; the lower lights of the lighthouse had gone out, leaving only one, and that but dimly burning. In a wild sea, and with the blackness of night all about him, the pilot made a desperate effort to reach the shore, but he missed the channel and the vessel went to the bottom. The fate of the boat and most of the passengers suggested to Mr. Bliss the well known hymn, Let the Lower Lights be Burning, which has been used effectively in many gospel campaigns. Only an Armor-Bearer, came from the story of the young man mentioned in First Samuel—the faithful and courageous armor-bearer to Jonathan. It is a stimulating Christian soldier song, and was prized in London above all other gospel hymns sung by Mr. Sankey, possibly excepting The Ninety and Nine.

But no composition by Mr. Bliss has carried his name into so many homes in America and in foreign

lands, as Hold the Fort. There is nothing particularly meritorious in either the words or music, but it possesses an "indefinable something" that has made it more popular than anything else written or composed by him. The reader will remember that the song was inspired by the heroic act of General Corse, at Allatoona Pass, Georgia, on the fifth of October, 1864. John Murray Corse held the Federal fort, and for hours sustained a terrific artillery fire from the Confederates under General French. It seemed like a hopeless situation for the Union men. Corse's ear and cheek-bone had been shot away, and besides suffering intense pain, he was terribly fatigued; but he directed his men and held the fort. Sherman was eighteen miles away, and when Corse signaled his perilous condition, the old warrior waved back the answer from the summit of Kenesaw Mountain—"Hold the fort; I'm coming." Mr. Bliss wrote the words and music in 1871, and in a few months Hold the Fort was the song of millions. It is in many instances an inspiration to religious fervor. The flood-tide of its popularity began across the sea when Moody and Sankey stirred Great Britain with their gospel meetings. It was the keynote of the wonderful campaign against evil, inaugurated in New York city by Mr. Moody, on Monday night, February seventh, 1876. Eight thousand people had traveled through rain, slush, and mud, to fill every nook and corner of the vast Hippodrome. The first song was Hold the Fort; and when Mr. Sankey sang the des-

criptive lines and the mighty audience joined in the refrain, everybody present was impressed with the fact that the meeting was the beginning of one of the greatest religious revivals ever witnessed in New York city.

A few instances of the influence and popularity of the song will be of special interest. When Mr. Moody was in Dublin in 1874, his revival meetings interfered with the attendance at the Royal circus, and a few weeks later the clowns attempted to ridicule the evangelists, but the audience hissed them out of the ring; and when some courageous person started Hold the Fort, the people all joined with glad voices in the rousing chorus. The Earl of Shaftesbury once said that if Messrs. Moody and Sankey had done no more than to teach the English people to sing such songs as Hold the Fort, they had by that alone conferred on them an inestimable blessing. The late Dr. Goodwin of Chicago, once told of a missionary in South Africa, who established a mission in a Zulu hut, and the first thing he heard the natives sing was Hold the Fort. In the great city of Birmingham, England, where meetings were held by the evangelists, Bingley Hall was filled night after night with vast audiences, and the delight of the people seemed almost supreme when Sankey invited them to join in the chorus of the song.

Such a thrilling use of Hold the Fort as that recorded in Birmingham and in the Hippodrome was witnessed at all the meetings conducted by Moody

and Sankey in the large cities of Great Britain and the United States. People have seen strange things come from the singing of this song; and have been puzzled beyond the hope of enlightenment in the effort to discover what there is in the words or music to move so profoundly the hearts of women and men.

Once Mr. Bliss said to Mr. Sankey: "I have written better songs than Hold the Fort, and I hope I shall not be known to the world only as the author of that hymn." But it was a strange irony of fate that when a large monument was reared to Mr. Bliss's memory at the place of his birth, there was inscribed thereon in bold letters, the living and inspiring motto: "Hold the Fort."

Another shining name in gospel hymnody is the Rev. Dr. Robert Lowry of the Baptist denomination, born in Philadelphia, in 1823, and died in 1899. He edited some twenty different hymn-books for Sunday Schools and praise services; and is the writer and composer of many beautiful hymns and tunes. His most popular hymn, though perhaps not his best is Shall we Gather at the River? which came to him "like a cloud-burst," one day in July, 1864, at his home in Brooklyn, New York. We are told that the doctor wondered why so many hymn-writers said so much about the "river of death," and so little about the "river of life;" and that the words and music were the fruitage of that thought. It is a bright song, with a happy, march-like movement to it, and

is a favorite with brass-bands, and largely for that reason Dr. Lowry never thought much of it. But the taste of the great mass of people as to songs is peculiar, and Shall we Gather at the River? has attained a popularity that is almost world-wide.

In May, 1865, the hymn was sung by forty thousand children in one body at the Brooklyn Sunday School anniversary. Lady Colin Campbell, who did such distinguished service among the poor of London, was tendered a public reception at Mission Hall, not many years ago. In noting the event The Pall Mall Gazette said that what every one present wanted to hear besides the speeches was Shall we Gather at the River? by Lady Colin; and when she responded, the hymn was sung with a refinement of tone and feeling that seemed to pass into the care-worn faces of the poor people who had joined in the royal greeting. Dr. Lowry attended the Robert Raikes centennial in London in 1880, at which delegates from America, Asia, and various parts of Europe, were present. Sir Charles Reed, member of Parliament, presided; and after the last speaker had left the platform, the chairman was told that the author of Shall we Gather at the River? was in the hall. The doctor, who sat in a rear seat, unknown to those about him, was called forward and introduced to the audience. The hymn had made his name familiar to the many nationalities in the convention, and his reception was marked by wild demonstrations of joy. The hymn has been

translated into many languages and is used at numerous mission stations in foreign fields.

Simple hymns, adapted to bright, singable tunes, win the most favor regardless of creed or nationality. Some thirty years ago, the Rev. William Orcutt Cushing, born in Massachusetts, in 1823, wrote a little song beginning with the lines,

> When He cometh
> When He cometh
> To make up His jewels.

George F. Root set the words to music as simple and attractive as the hymn itself, and Jewels, a title by which the song is commonly known, has ever since been traveling around the world. I am indebted to Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth for the following incident: An English steamer was coming to Canada, and one day the minister in the steerage asked: "What shall we sing? It must be something we all know, for nearly all countries of Europe are gathered here." The master of the steerage answered: "Then it must be an American tune; try Jewels." There were a thousand people in the steerage, speaking several different tongues, but with one voice they sang in full chorus, When He Cometh. The vessel landed at Quebec, and the emigrants filled two long trains of cars, one going east and the other to Georgian Bay; and as they parted each began to sing When He Cometh. "The tune made the hymn a common language."

There is a hymn of recent date and of pathetic origin that will surely make history in future evan-

gelism. During the Civil War a young man received a wound that necessitated the amputation of a leg. He was taken to a hospital, and while preparations were being made for the operation, he begged for a violin that he might play a tune. He played the piece with such tender sympathy that it almost broke the hearts of the surgeons, who did not know but that it might be his dying hymn. When the air was finished he was greatly comforted, and said: "Come on, doctor, I'm ready." The young man recovered from the operation, and afterwards went to college, studied for the ministry, and became a successful preacher, and was called to a large church in San Francisco. A few years passed away, and then the darkest shadow earth can cast, fell upon his home. His wife died; and while pondering the mystery of Divine Providence he wrote a hymn entitled, Sometime we'll Understand, of which the following is the first stanza:

*Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

The author of this hymn was the Rev. Maxwell N. Cornelius, D. D., and the music to which it is always sung was composed by Mr. James McGranahan.

Mr. Sankey is the greatest singing evangelist living. His voice has been heard by more people than

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ever listened to any other singer in the history of Christianity. He was born in Edinburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1840; and has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal denomination ever since he was fifteen years old. He was a soldier in the Civil War, and shortly after its close he was appointed collector of internal revenue in the Newcastle, (Pennsylvania) district, and was holding the position when he met Mr. Moody at Indianapolis in June, 1870. The meeting of these two men at that time was the turning point in the life of Mr. Sankey, for like Matthew of old, he decided to give up tax-gathering and devote his time and wonderful talent to evangelism. He has a strong, clear, magnetic barytone voice. His tones are always melodious, and his enunciation perfect. It is by no trick of the voice that he so controls the emotions of an audience as to make his name, like that of Mr. Moody's, a household word in Europe and America. He sings right from the heart, and naturally enough, his intense religious zeal inspires his hearers.

Mr. Sankey is chief editor of the various editions of Gospel Hymns, to which he has contributed some tunes of great merit. One of his finest compositions is Hiding in Thee—the musical setting of the noble hymn by the Rev. W. O. Cushing—O Safe to the Rock that is Higher than I. While he has composed many tunes which are of great service in Sunday Schools and in meetings of the Society of Christian Endeavor, it is on his marvelous gospel

singing, and his life-long companionship with Mr. Moody, that Mr. Sankey's reputation will chiefly rest.

No composer has done more to popularize and dignify gospel music than Dr. Doane, of whom mention has already been made. He was born in Connecticut in 1832, and received a thorough business training in the counting-room of a manufacturing company, first at Norwich, afterwards in Chicago, and finally as president of the same concern at Cincinnati. A Baptist authority says Dr. Doane has composed music for more than six hundred Sunday School songs, about one hundred and fifty Church and prayer-meeting hymn-tunes, and two hundred and fifty other pieces of a sacred character. Such a prodigious flow of tunes from the pen of one man is apt to induce a degenerate style of composition, but Dr. Doane's work has been uniformly good, and not a single tune from him has brought discredit upon the cause of worthy gospel music. His musical setting of Mrs. Prentiss's hymn, More Love to Thee, is found in nearly all standard Church hymnals.

The number of gospel singers actively engaged with their voices in evangelistic work and who have become eminent in that divine calling, is small indeed. Mr. Sankey and George Coles Stebbins practically stand alone in this category. The latter was born in New York in 1846. He sometimes assisted Mr. Moody, and recently was the co-laborer of the late Major Whittle in conducting revival meet-

ings in Scotland. He is not only a fine singer, but his compositions are found in many hymnals. His music to Mrs. Van Alstyne's Some day the Silver Cord will Break, is an admirable piece of work, and secures for that hymn a wide popularity and enduring usefulness.

In this brief account of some hymns which have made history we learn that any heart-speech in the form of a hymn, that tells of soul-struggles and of aspirations in Christian life, goes around the world; for in every home, in every community, in every Church communion, there is some soul that needs the inspiring and purifying influence of such a hymn. The story of these historic songs also impresses us with the fact that a good hymn—whether it is one of the majestic anthems of the Church universal, or a simple but fervent utterance of one of the gospel singers—retains a more permanent hold on our thoughts and feelings than any other human composition.

And again, the record of the hymns which are radiant with histories and stand as memorials of many heart-experiences, reminds us of the times we have been thrilled when we joined with soul and voice in singing these songs of praise and adoration; but when we come to stand in Zion how much more thrilling will be the outburst of that sublime congregational singing—the consummation of all song—that Saint John the Divine heard, in which no tongue in all the universe of God was silent—

"And I beheld, and heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

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